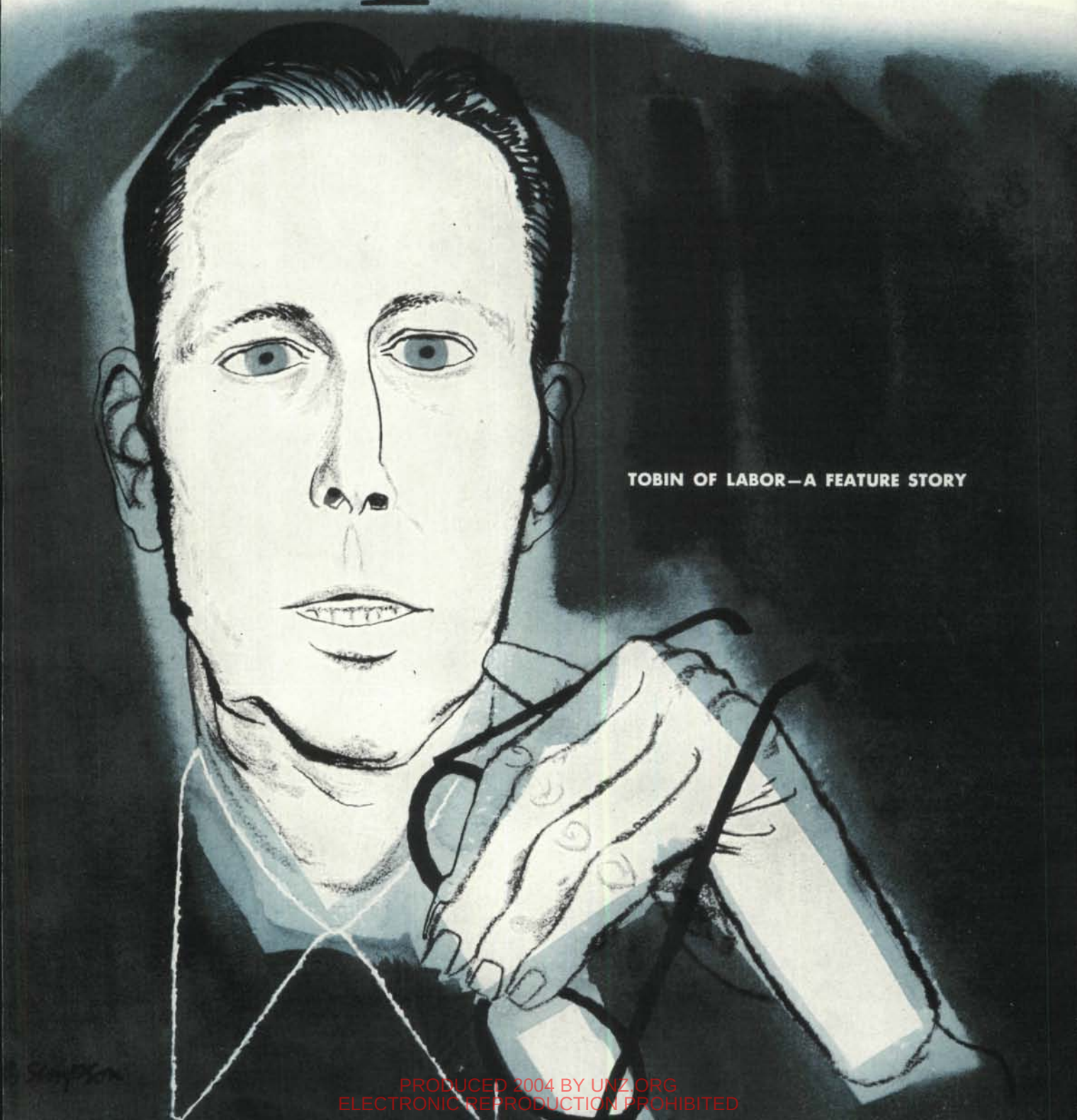
July 4, 1950 25c

ISOLATIONIST WAVE IN EUROPE

THE POSTWAR GENERATION

The Reporter



TOBIN OF LABOR—A FEATURE STORY

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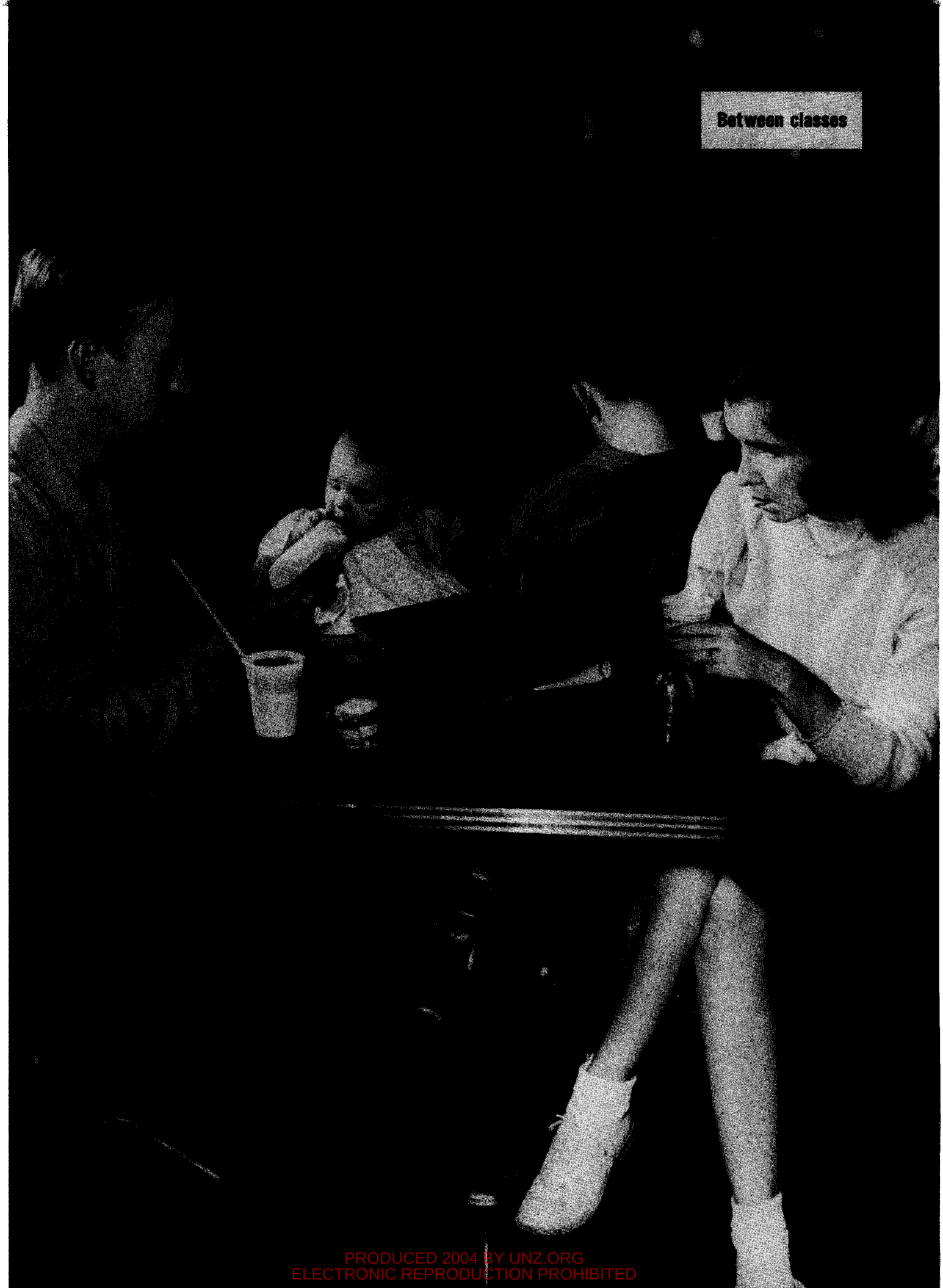

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The Reporter's Notes

Disunited Isolationism

That prewar surplus product of American politics, isolationism, is becoming increasingly popular in countries that still depend on us for economic and military assistance. It is not something to be laughed at; it is not just an escapist dream of overaged politicians, nostalgic for the good old days when minor nations could enjoy the freedom of double-crossing the big ones.

There is the British Labourite brand of isolationism, for instance, which at long last has found the courage to come out into the open, while Ernest Bevin's segregation in the hospital gives Dr. Dalton and Aneurin Bevan a freer hand. With the Marshall Plan drawing to a close, and the American Congress obviously getting reluctant to pass new wholesale appropriations for foreign assistance, the British left-wing Labourites have no qualms about proclaiming a policy of socialist planning first and "Little England" taking care of itself.

Then there is the French brand of isolationism—the old "plague on both houses" attitude, which is an intellectual expression of a yearning to be found all over Europe, as irrepressible as the fear of death. Europeans don't want to be the goats of a new Bikini—a competitive Bikini this time, where we and the Russians test out the comparative power of our atomic bombs.

In India, the policy of Prime Minister Nehru is very much the same, although the element of physical fear is not ever-present in Asia as it is in western Europe. The new Asian nations are so feeble, their leadership so precarious, that they cannot even conceive of being involved in another war. In peace they are with us; indeed, they demand and welcome our economic assistance. But the more talk of war there is, the closer war seems to be, the more inclined the Asian nations are to assume a position of equal distance from the two extremes, tempered perhaps by a moral solidarity with the United States.

There was a time when every country between Russia and the United States wanted to be a bridge—a bridge where East and West would meet. Now there are people in every country who want it to be an island of neutrality and peace. The Russians must be busy practicing island-hopping.

The incredible part of the story is that our foreign policy is by and large right, but its rhetoric (Funk & Wagnalls: "Power of pleasing and persuading") is still so inadequate that the nations on our side cannot make us out.

Things have gone so far that we, the Americans, have to prove that we are a peaceful nation, that we don't want to fight ideas with guns, misery with atomic bombs. It would be funny if it weren't tragic. It is like having to persuade an incredulous world that we like steak for dinner, and apple pie.

More Harrimans

Averell Harriman is certainly the right man for his new job. We need to have all the threads of our foreign policy pulled together, if Mr. Acheson and Mr. Truman are ever going to have the chance to reach wise, thoroughly thought-out decisions.

We probably also need a Harriman for economic affairs, a man whose vision may encompass the economics of business and of government and of the farmers and of labor. We can imagine still another Harriman at Cabinet level, taking care of propaganda and information, bending all his energies to present America's case to our own people and to the world—a job that needs far greater prestige, and that cannot remain entrusted to just one of the many subdivisions of the State Department.

And, finally, there must be a man who evaluates all these different, many-sided pictures of our national interest and sees them in the perspective of our history and our destiny. Our Founding Fathers thought of such a job, when they framed the Constitution and created the position of President of the United States.

'I Do Not Choose to Run'

There is something frightening in the repetitiousness of the American political ceremonial. We nervously scanned the papers with headlines announcing the decision of Governor Dewey, for we felt in our bones that the Governor's statement would be compared to that of Calvin Coolidge. It was, it was.

We are afraid we know what's next. The Governor himself will have to say it again if he really sticks to his decision. He will have to let his followers know that he doesn't want to hear of nomination or of election. This time the Sherman oath will be dug out of the quotation books: "If nominated I will not accept; if elected I will not serve."

We had better not let our nerves get frayed now, though. In two years the Presidential elections will be upon us—with all the groundswell sentiment, favorite sons, grass-roots support, there-is-a-man, and THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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Correspondence

Reactions to Our June 6 Issue on McCarthyism

Several Men's Meat

To the Editor: The President has asked me to thank you for the copy of *The Reporter* you sent him containing the McCarthy roundup. He told me this morning that he had read this from beginning to end and thought it a very fine presentation of the case.

CHARLES G. ROSS
The White House

To the Editor: I read the leading articles in the June 6 issue of *The Reporter* with great interest and appreciation. They were very stimulating and thought-provoking articles. These are matters to which I have, as you know, been giving much thought. I thought the presentation in all these articles was refreshing and constructive.

SENATOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN
Washington

To the Editor: Reform in the Republican Party to establish a policy of feasible alternatives and expanded opportunity is critically important to the whole country. I hope that as the situation develops in the years 1951-1952, *The Reporter*, by its implementation and exposition of these ideas, might indeed become a "bible" for the progressive elements in the Republican Party.

REPRESENTATIVE J. K. JAVITS
Washington

To the Editor: The June 6 number is outstanding in every way: in conception, execution, impact. You are giving to magazine journalism the quality of public service the American people, generally speaking, desire but are not, generally speaking, receiving.

NORMAN COUSINS
New York City

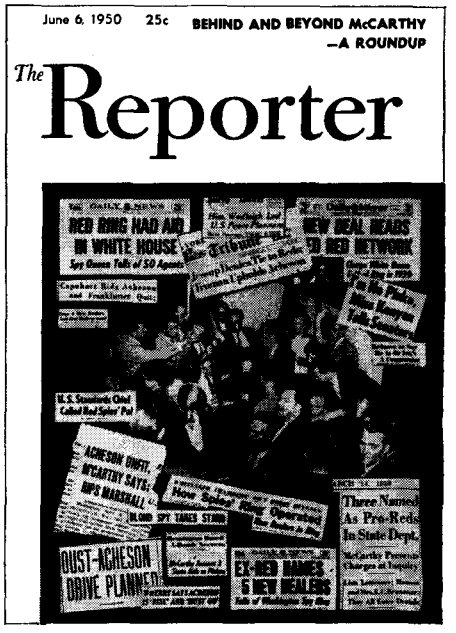
To the Editor: You deserve the commendation of all free men for publishing, and William H. Hessler for writing, the article "Ordeal by Headline" appearing in your June 6 edition. The United States is in far greater danger of losing its freedom through the suppression of all the differences of opinion, through the monolithic requirements of "super patriots" and the organizations they head, than from Communism.

As Mr. Hessler indicates, we may have survived the "ordeal by fire," but there is certainly no definite assurance that we shall survive the current practice of trial by association and conviction by label, the current product of hysteria and panic.

As the President of the United States has recently pointed out, we don't want to lose the liberties we are fighting to maintain as a result of the present "cold war."

Mr. Hessler's message and similar ones cannot be brought to the attention of the American people too frequently.

HUGH B. HESTER
Philadelphia


June 6, 1950 25c
BEHIND AND BEYOND McCARTHY
—A ROUNDUP
The Reporter
RED RING HAD AIR IN WHITE HOUSE
NEW DEAL HEADS 5D RED NETWORK
ACHESON DEFIT, M'CARTHY SAYS; HITS MARSHALL
BLOOD SPY TAKES STAND
Three Named As Pro-Reds In State Dept.
OUST-ACHESON DRIVE PLANNED
EX-RED NAMES 5 NEW DEALERS

To the Editor: Your recent issue on the current Federal loyalty investigations was an admirable return to sanity in the midst of these hysterical hours. I sincerely hope that every thinking American, particularly those in official positions, will benefit from *The Reporter's* clear and objective analysis of this situation.

A short time after I read that issue, I heard the magnificent address of Senator Margaret Chase Smith on the need for a moral and a political reappraisal of our attitude toward these shotgun accusations and indiscriminate charges of disloyalty. I was struck by the similarity between not only the tenor but also certain specific passages of Mrs. Smith's speech and your editorial entitled "The G.O.P.'s Choice." Possibly your other readers would be interested in one such comparison:

Mrs. Smith: "As a Republican, I say to my colleagues on this side of the aisle that the Republican Party faces a challenge today that is not unlike the challenge that it faced back in Lincoln's day. The Republican Party so successfully met that challenge that it emerged from the Civil War as the champion of a united nation—in addition to being a party that unrelentingly fought loose spending and loose programs."

Your editorial: "The G.O.P. came out of the Civil War as the champion of the united, integrated nation, a party that had no patience with loose programs and loose spending. Now it can put these traditions to work in the new dimension of our politics. Or else it can follow McCarthy."

STANLEY G. KARSON
Washington

To the Editor: Re the June 6 issue of *The Reporter,* which contained an evaluation of my opinions, based on an analysis of what I have published: The subject of a dissection without anesthesia always has some squawks, I suppose; but the criticism was fair in intention, though I thought it showed that your research team had limitations in its understanding of recent Far Eastern history.

OWEN LATTIMORE
Baltimore

One Man's Poison

To the Editor: I never write letters to editors. Even your snide, vicious review of *Seeds of Treason,* which I co-authored, couldn't arouse me. The fact it's a top best-seller throughout the nation is more important to me than a *Reporter* review. And the fact that it's been praised by outstanding critics, including William L. White, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Chamberlain, is much more important to me.

But your June 6 issue on "McCarthyism" really got me, particularly a piece entitled "The Captive Press."

Your "authority" on the press, a Mr. Douglass Cater, whoever he may be and whatever his qualifications, has a new kind of interpretation to offer on what's good and what's bad press coverage.

It's the If-You-Say-What-I-Like-You're-Great school of journalism.

Under this unique theory, if a Washington correspondent exposes "McCarthyism," whatever that might be, he's brilliant, capable, etc. etc. It's "excellent interpretative reporting."

But, your Mr. Cater goes on, "the McCarthy affair has elicited some unexplainably bad reporting from the two deans of the Washington [press] corps"—Arthur Krock and Bert Andrews.

Mr. Krock's interpretations on the impact of the McCarthy charges on the American people stink—according to Mr. Cater's unique theories—since he did not attend the Tydings subcommittee hearings.

"Mr. Krock," says your poor man's A. J. Leibling, "might just as well have written his column from an editorial armchair in New York."

Where the hell did Cater write his piece, if not in New York. And where did the rest

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of you guys—Ascoli, Hessler, Long et al—write their stuff?

And did one of you attend a Tydings' hearing?

And, even if you had, so what?

Your Mr. Cater continues: "Even more surprising has been the attitude of Bert Andrews, chief correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in Washington."

Seems, Mr. Cater says, "the uninitiated might even think [Andrews] had joined the ranks of the [witch] hunters" since he hasn't fallen for the State Department malarkey in its undignified fight with McCarthy.

All the more terrible, your Mr. Cater points out, since Bert Andrews wrote a Pulitzer prize series on witchhunting in the State Department three years ago.

But he, along with Mr. Krock, is guilty of "bad reporting" since he's writing things your Mr. Cater doesn't agree with.

It so happens—and maybe you haven't heard this before—that Mr. Andrews, one of the really great reporters, is a reporter and nothing else. He reports facts. He is no advocate.

When he felt the State Department loyalty program was doing harm to little people (and I disagreed violently with him at the time, but I respected his intentions), he said so.

Now he apparently has come to the conclusion that there's something behind the charges against the State Department, "McCarthyism"—and all its failings—notwithstanding.

To him the State Department witch-hunt series was a story, and nothing else. To him the current flareup is also a story, and nothing else.

Typical was the story your Mr. Cater criticized, "and during a secret session of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee, J. Edgar Hoover had refused to absolve one man."

What's wrong in reporting this, particularly after Senator Tydings had announced practically in Mr. Hoover's name that the FBI chief had "cleared" Owen J. Lattimore.

It so happened—and it's no secret any more—that Mr. Hoover had not "cleared" Mr. Lattimore. That happens to be an important fact in a running story and was great reporting on Bert Andrews' part.

Some of the newsmen busily exposing Senator McCarthy at the moment—and they include some good friends of mine—are, I think, due for the shock of their lives.

I watched them during the Elizabeth Bentley disclosures when they went overboard on William Remington. Now they're holding their breaths wondering what the Federal grand jury will do in the Remington case.

I watched them during the Hiss-Chambers' investigations. They were burned badly. I warned some of them. They denounced me as falling for the "line" of the House Un-American Activities Committee. But, despite the Hiss verdict, they apparently still haven't learned a simple truism in this business: Don't Go Overboard.

I can hear some of them gurgling now, clutching their copies of *The Reporter* and other Hissite publications, as they drown in the bitter realization they went overboard again—this time on "McCarthyism."

VICTOR LASKY
New York City

On Pensions

To the Editor: Pension plans have today superseded wages as the point of emphasis in labor's demands on management. As industrial pensions become more and more accepted, it becomes increasingly important for labor and management to understand the responsibility these plans place on them.

Management's responsibility was clearly defined by the Steel Fact-Finding Board when it cited the "social obligation (of management) . . . to provide insurance against the hazards of modern industrial life." In "A Stake in Production," (*The Reporter,* May 23), Frank Tannenbaum discusses labor's share of responsibility. But labor's "moral commitment to help . . . industry keep up that production" upon which the "future well-being of its members" depends is a responsibility which extends beyond the point Mr. Tannenbaum makes—that is, the reinvesting of union funds in the industry from which they were drawn. "Keeping up production" means that the workers must see themselves as an integral parts of their industry not only financially, but administratively and psychologically. If our industrial society is to continue dynamic, then labor and management must realize their goals are interdependent.

Mr. Tannenbaum, whose "Unions in 1950: Not Bread Alone," in the April 11 issue, expounded these points so ably, misses them in his latest piece. "A Stake in Production" loses out when it gets sidetracked by a far-fetched denunciation of a "government-managed" state. The author betrays a great fear of government participation in the individual's economic life. But in his April article, he wrote: "The harsh reality of our day is that . . . almost all men . . . are subject to the threat of insecurity for which as individuals they have no remedy." It is this, he says, which explains the Fair Deal, British "socialism," demands for pensions, the emergence of the trade union as the worker's "society." It seems logical to Mr. Tannenbaum that the worker should identify himself with his union and try to find personal security through it. Does he not think it just as logical for the worker to seek this security through his government, which, after all, is merely the administration of his society?

In "A Stake in Production," Mr. Tannenbaum strays from the logic and insight of his previous article. From what starts out to be a reasoned addition to Victor Reuther's preceding article, Mr. Tannenbaum digresses to an argument, apparently incompatible with his own logic, which can only hurt the cause of liberalism.

JOEL COGEN
New York City

Facts of Integration

To the Editor: My first experience with your *Reporter* was with the May 9 issue, which I enjoyed immensely.

The article entitled "Integration—No Cure-All" by Vincent Checchi was particularly interesting, as the point of European integration has been the object of discussion among my friends for some time. Mr. Checchi presents his theories very clearly, and obviously he has command of his subject. Fortunately, he supports my views.

Congratulations to you and your staff for assembling such a fine magazine, and may you have continued success.

R. H. ST. JACQUES
Wareham, Massachusetts

Contributors

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, whose articles appear regularly in *The Reporter,* is visiting the United States at the invitation of Congress. He is a roving correspondent of the Paris daily *Le Monde.* . . . George McMillan, a veteran, author of *The Old Breed,* a history of the First Marine Division, lives in Aiken, South Carolina. . . . Mildred Adams is American correspondent for the London *Economist.* . . . William V. Shannon, Washington political writer, contributes frequently to *The Reporter.* . . . Charles Wertenbaker, former foreign editor of *Time,* has recently visited Spain and Portugal. . . . Samuel G. Welles, whose last book was *Profile of Europe,* is now writing another on Hiroshima. . . . Fred Hechinger is a columnist and special correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Washington *Post.* He has recently returned from a trip to England. . . . J. K. Galbraith held several government posts during the Roosevelt Administration. An economist, he now lectures at Harvard. . . . Cover by Bud Simpson; photographs from Black Star, British Information Service.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Editorial

Back From Rome

Notes on a trip to Italy

It seems to have become a ritual now, when, at the end of a visit to Italy, the home-bound plane takes off from the Rome airport: the same apprehension for the country I leave; the fear that something ghastly might once more devastate the landscape I love; a feeling that the plane, fast soaring over the Roman countryside, is somehow much steadier and secure than the land—my native land—on which I was walking just a few minutes before.

My last trip had been just a few weeks before the general elections of April, 1948. The danger that the Communist front would win still seemed to be great. Would America, would Washington understand what was at stake? Would our government say the right thing—that the Italians were free to vote as they pleased, but that every vote for Moscow was a vote against the Marshall Plan?

This was my fifth visit to Italy since the end of the war. Each time, it seemed that the distance between the two countries had lengthened, that it had become harder to explain Italy to Americans and America to Italians.

Take the problem of Communism, for instance. In the States, a Communist is somebody you read about in the newspapers. Of course, some thousands of them actually exist, and everywhere you see pictures of men and women who are or have been or are supposed to have been Communists. But a Communist is not somebody you meet, unless by accident, and then if you realize he is a Communist you manage not to meet him again. Communists at home form a private world of their own, one of those many private worlds that you run into only if you look for them—like the world of gamblers, for instance, or of dope addicts.

In Italy, on the contrary, you rub elbows with Communists wherever you go. Communists and their left-wing Socialist allies run the most important cities in northern and central Italy. You shake hands, talk, exchange jokes with them. They are human beings, not shadowy figures pulled out of Elizabeth Bentley's reminiscences. In Italy, the Communists are on the loose—two and a half million of them. On the walls of the most remote villages you see their signs—"Down with the Atomic Bomb"—as if anybody would snap back, *"Viva* the Atomic Bomb." Yet by demanding the obvious forcibly enough, the Communists confuse everybody's mind and get away with it. Their appeal for peace and against the atomic bomb has been signed by Orlando, the last survivor of the Big Four of 1919, and by some Catholic bishops.

Sometimes you hear people whose anti-Communism is unquestionable say, "When Fascism comes back, I will fight on the Communist side of the barricade."

As I landed in Milan, my first stop in Italy this time, there was quite a commotion at the airport. A group of boys wearing red coats—obviously an athletic team—had just arrived from Madrid. I heard a conversation between a Spanish and an Italian youngster, both smiling. "We are glad to be here," said the Spaniard. "We welcome you here," said the Italian. "We are Fascists," said the Spaniard. "We too," said the Italian.

Fascists, Communists. . . . Of course, we use these words in America, too. Tens of thousands of people sign affidavits claiming to be neither Communist nor Fascist. But it is difficult for most Americans even to imagine what Fascism and Communism are like—these crushing political machines that resemble each other in their unscrupulous use of political power and their pathological fear of losing it.

The Italians, on the other hand, don't seem to succeed in establishing what, by American standards, could be called democratic party politics. Italian parties are semi-standing political armies—conscripted armies, with men and women always ready for immediate mobilization, as if the country were in a permanent condition of political emergency. The draft boards for these armies are the trade unions, the parishes, and the government bureaus, with their 1,200,000 employees. There are only two such parties: the Communists, of course, and the Government party, the Christian Democrats. Both have fantastically costly organizations; and they are armed with more than just ideas.

A prominent leader of the Catholic Action was complaining to me one day that the Italians have no adequate political education. The evidence, he said,

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was that only about four million of them carry any kind of party card. I thought how episodic America's interest in politics is, and how few citizens are dues-paying members of political clubs.

There are too many people in Italy engaged in politics full time or part time, getting something out of politics, just as there are too many people living on the land, where the government tells the landowners how many hands they must employ. There are still too many people in factories, imposed on management by the trade unions, as certainly there are too many people employed by the government, earning not nearly enough for a miserable living. Yet, with job inflation everywhere, in politics, on the land, in the factories, in the government, about two million Italians have no jobs at all. Unemployment, job inflation, and economic deflation make a rather explosive mixture.

The victory against Communism in the last election was the result of a new resistance movement—this time resistance against the threat of Kremlin oppression. From the election a coalition emerged, dominated by the Christian Democratic Party. But there cannot be much of a coalition between meager, faction-ridden, middle-of-the-road parties on the one hand, and a great political army whose strength rests on the forces of the conscripted faithful on the other. The sheer weight of the organized masses exerts an ever-increasing pressure on De Gasperi. The men who know how to get out the anti-Communist vote on Election Day, and the voters any day, are all for dropping the pretense of a coalition Government. Power belongs, they claim, to the anti-Communist party with the most demonstrable strength.

An anti-Communist one-party system evokes still-fresh memories in Italy. The people who had positions of authority under Fascism are on the rampage. They no longer claim that during the Fascist régime they were faithful democrats at heart. Their tune has changed: We always knew, they say, that democracy with its free competition of political parties doesn't fit the needs of the Italian people.

This swing to the Right, rather than being the design of any leader or any institution, is like a process of land erosion. It is the result of too intense a degree of partisanship at both extremes. The Communists want to have a party clubhouse alongside every village bell tower. They oppose their politics to religion. To defend itself religion has to become political, and all the other interests in the nation fall either on one side or on the other. Actually, the two political armies are both gaining strength because of the gradual disappearance of in-between parties. A Communist movement of two and a half million card-carrying members is far more than Italian politics can bear. The test of strength between the two parties tends to become more and more physical. It doesn't take place only on Election Day. The country could be plunged into a civil war—if the Communists, on Moscow's orders, take the offensive or if the government outlaws the Communist Party.

It is difficult to reconcile what I have seen in Italy with the cheerful news about Italy that I have been reading in the American press. The sunny skies, the people's riotous vitality, the ever-present evidence of what the hands of men have done to create beauty—all this has an exhilarating, blinding influence on the visitor from abroad. In fact, it has very much the same influence on the Italians themselves, for in such an air, against the background of monuments bearing the stamp of man-made eternity, even the most acute ills, the most immediate dangers, appear somewhat remote and bearable.

Even the frightening dangers of civil war or of a new entrenched one-party régime appear at the same time inevitable and improbable under the sky of Italy. A walk in the street distracts the mind and relieves it from the obsession of its reasoning. This country is so beautiful, you think; perhaps nothing will happen.

Once more flying home, I have the same feeling of urgency, the same harassing need to explain, back in the States, how things are in Italy—complex, nasty things, much more difficult to explain than last time, before the elections. The American economic and political agencies in Rome are led by able men. These men know that the high pressure of Italian politics is caused by overabundant and still, to a large extent, wasted manpower. On this waste, as can be expected, Communism thrives, just as lately the resurgence of Fascist individuals and groups has once more made Communism appealing to naive democrats.

The Italian Constitution outlaws Fascism with precise measures that ought to be promptly and radically enforced. The Communist Party can still be deflated if the political and economic causes that make for its strength are removed. The trend to the Right can still be halted, if our government makes it unmistakably clear to everybody concerned in Rome that we cannot let a nation on our side, just emerged from Fascism, revert to a one-party totalitarianism—no matter how bland.

Once more it is a case of showing that American power can be as tough as it is kind. —Max Ascoli

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Isolationist Wave in Europe

The Stalinists' political blitzkrieg confuses and endangers the West

In growing numbers, Europeans are becoming convinced that the whole East-West conflict is America's affair and Russia's affair, and that Europe has everything to lose and nothing to gain by taking sides. That is a disturbing conviction; this state of mind is perhaps the most upsetting phenomenon that has appeared in Europe since 1945. It is also a simple state of mind; it can be, and has been, reduced to a slogan which now is being sounded throughout Europe—"The cold war is America's cold war."

Europe's incomprehension of American policy and America's incomprehension of the methods now being used by Russia in that strange struggle misnamed the cold war have risen to a dangerous degree. As a result, the true aims of the West—its political principles, the valid reasons for western resistance to Communism—are now reduced to vague generalities, when they are not almost forgotten. Thus it has become possible for many Europeans to see the whole international situation as depending upon the uncertain tempers of two men: President Truman and Marshal Stalin.

This state of affairs has been caused by the failure of the West to produce strategic and tactical methods adapted to today's international strife, which amounts to civil war far more than to direct threats of military aggression.

The best way to understand what is taking place in Europe today is to draw a parallel with what took place in Europe ten years ago.

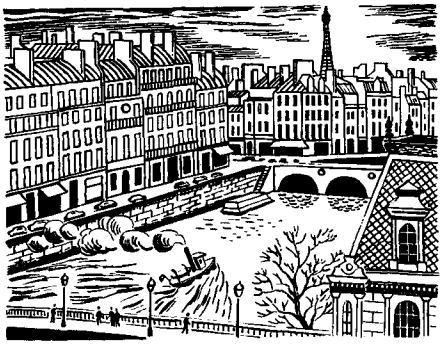
In May and June, 1940, the French, after they had erected what they thought was a rampart—the Maginot line—against the German threat, suddenly found themselves in an unheard-of position: They were beaten, though their fortifications had not even been attacked. The blitzkrieg had taken them by surprise and had rendered all their preparations totally useless. The Maginot line was turned, its strength paralyzed, its might conquered, not by enemy cannon but by the enemy's superior imagination.

America now—like France in 1940—is one war behind. In 1940 the French Army faced Hitler—and was prepared for the trench warfare of 1914. In 1950, America faces Stalin in political warfare—and is equally unprepared.

This time the Maginot line is "the policy of containment," a policy which to Europeans seems based upon the idea that the real danger is the Red Army and that the real problem is to prevent this army from advancing. But what is completely evident even now is that although the "line of containment" has not even been attacked, America is losing the battle for Europe *behind* that line—in France, Italy, and Germany. For the true battle for Europe is a bloodless civil struggle, a political and psychological war, now being fought by the Soviets and the European Communists with extraordinary swiftness of maneuver.

Sometimes the Soviets call their political battle "the peace offensive," sometimes "the neutrality campaign"; but whatever name they give it, its purpose is apparent: to separate Europe from America politically. The Communist aim is to create so much misunderstanding between the two segments of the Atlantic Community that Europe will break away from America on every plane—political, economic, military—and form a "third force." If that day comes, the Soviets will have won the civil war in Europe. The "line of containment" will not have been driven back an inch. It will simply have crumbled without ever having been attacked.

In this internal European conflict, the recent London Conference of For-



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eign Ministers indubitably marked a major Soviet victory. For the conference demonstrated a high point of American incomprehension as to the real nature of the European "peace offensive." The political reaction to the conference—whether from men of the Right (like Konrad Adenauer and General de Gaulle) or from men of the Left (like Socialist leader Jules Moch)—was precisely the reaction most pleasing to the Kremlin: "This is America's cold war; let's get out of it."

The London Conference resulted in great new support for the "peace offensive" that is the Communists' major weapon in Europe's internal struggle. When did they first use it? How do they apply it?

Three months ago the Communist Parties of western Europe organized a "World Peace Congress" meeting in Stockholm, Europe's most neutral capital. They succeeded in assembling a certain number of intellectuals, writers, and scientists who were fellow travelers rather than party members. These people proceeded to draw up a manifesto which has since acquired great notoriety under the name of the "Stockholm Peace Appeal." Here is its text:

"We demand the unconditional prohibition of the atomic weapon, as a weapon of intimidation and one for the mass extermination of people.

"We demand the creation of a rigorous international control system to insure that this ban will be carried out.

"We consider that the first government to use the atomic weapon against any nation whatsoever will have committed a crime against humanity and must be treated as a war criminal."

This is an extremely clever text. On the surface, it is "neutral"—it mentions neither America nor Russia. Actually, it is anti-American in that it aims at the destruction of military atomic stockpiles without providing controls for atomic plants. The American stand at the U.N. has consistently been that such controls must precede the destruction of atomic weapons. The text speaks of an international control system, but only for weapons, not for atomic factories.

In other words, it contains nothing to embarrass Russia—the atomic factories in the Urals remain undisturbed. America today still has the greatest atomic military potential. A text attacking atomic weapons bears a heavy emotional content. The emotions it arouses are directly aimed at America. But the Stockholm manifesto speaks only of peace; it mentions no nation by name, and the plain European who lives in dread of atomic warfare has some difficulty in finding valid reasons for refusing to sign it—even if he is not anti-American.

Warriors of western Europe, military and political: de Lattre de

Armed with this providential text, fellow travelers all over Europe have been busy creating "Committees for the Partisans of Peace" whose function is to collect the greatest possible number of signatures. In every city, town, and village of France there exists today a committee which goes from house to house asking people: "Are you in favor of peace? Are you against the atomic bomb?" Nobody ever says, "No." So the committee says, "Sign up for peace right here on the dotted line."

In France alone, the committees have already collected nearly four million signatures. In Europe as a whole the total has already exceeded twenty million. Judges, eminent politicians, actors, and journalists have fallen into the trap.

The Communists are now inducing local authorities—the mayors of villages and their councilmen—to sign up. Somebody calls for a meeting in the town hall. Somebody gets up and describes the horrors of a future war and how civilization will be exterminated by the atomic bomb. Somebody gets up and asks, "Who favors outlawing the atomic bomb?" Nobody ever gets up to say: "I like the bomb." The motion is passed unanimously. That is what is going on in the villages, but that is also what went on when two Cabinet Ministers in the French Government found themselves in the extraordinary position of not being able to refuse to sign an appeal directly aimed against their own Administration's policy for an Atlantic Alliance.

Little by little, the Communists are succeeding. They have muddied the waters so thoroughly that many Europeans are convinced that America is preparing for a war it wants and that Stalin is the champion of peace.

The emotional appeal of the word "peace" is so great at the present moment throughout Europe that other political organizations are afraid to leave it a Communist monopoly. That is why a Christian Committee (of politicians) recently launched its own grandiose manifesto in favor of peace and, of course, against the atomic bomb. "See how the anti-American peace front is broadening!" the Communists pointed out at once.

There is no stopping the process. How, for instance, can the International Red Cross remain silent when it is a matter of proclaiming the undeniable advantages of peace over war? This strictly nonpolitical organization sent out its appeal from Geneva—city of good intentions. It was entitled "Christians Against the Atomic Bomb." The Communist press at once put it on the front page with a banner head:

THE RED CROSS IS WITH US.

Behind a smoke screen of pacific

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Tassigny, Bevin, Montgomery, and Schuman

verbiage, the idea the Communists seek to implant in every European mind sweeps onward like a forest fire: "America is making ready for war because America thinks that war is inevitable."

Ten years ago Hitler had discovered the principle of blitzkrieg, and, taking full advantage of his adversaries' incapacity to adapt themselves, he exploited the principle to the extreme. It was between February and April of this year that the Communists discovered the extraordinarily high potential that lay in the technique of a popular, non-diplomatic peace offensive.

On February 13, Pierre Courtade, editorial writer for the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité,* wrote: "No neutrality will do. The only way to stop crime is to take a stand against crime." In May his line changed: "True neutrality, a neutrality inspired by a sincere desire to spare France the horrors of a war imposed by a foreign will, will bring France into the camp of peace."

Germany's champion of the "neutralist" idea is Dr. Ulrich Noack, leader of the Nauheim Circle. Here the same dates are prominent. In February a meeting of the circle in the Russian Zone was forbidden by Soviet authorities. But in April Professor Noack was cordially invited to lecture at East German universities.

During March and April, roughly speaking, the new Communist strategy was born. In May, it was vigorously put into execution on the western side of the "line of containment."

Considering to what extent this offensive is progressing in the very heart of Europe, in every village of France and Italy, in the political parties that now control Germany, in the columns of the Labour press in Britain, it is impossible to conceal one's stupefaction at hearing diplomats—especially in Washington—declare that they are expecting any day now a diplomatic peace offensive from the Kremlin. They are "expecting" this offensive as if it would come to them some morning in the mails or in a diplomatic pouch, or as if Mr. Vishinsky would soon go up to the rostrum of the United Nations and "declare peace."

The peace offensive has already infiltrated our lines, swept around our defense: If it is necessary to read about it in print, it has been published by a thousand committees; if it is necessary to hear it cried out, it has been cried out by hundreds of thousands of "partisans of peace." Some of these partisans, as I have pointed out, have no connection with the Kremlin.

What, up till now, has the West's answer been? The London Conference.

Every politically minded person in Europe awaited that conference impatiently. Everyone expected that it would provide the West's answer to the Communist peace offensive. Everyone expected that the West would take cognizance at last of the essentially political nature of the European struggle, of its internal character, and that the West at last would produce the foundations for a political organization of the Atlantic nations, together with a political offensive that they would plan and launch as a unit.

The conference provided almost the exact opposite. Instead of transforming the Atlantic Pact into a political "community" of Atlantic nations, the London Conference of Ministers emphasized the military character of the alliance. The principal decisions published were, in fact, military decisions.

Moreover, these military decisions essentially were confined to two main principles: that of "balanced collective forces" and that of "equal shares." The first means that each nation should limit itself almost entirely to a specialized military effort in order to permit the grouped nations to avoid unnecessary expense. "Equal shares" means that since the United States is increasing its military budget, European nations should now increase theirs.

These two principles can be justified rationally. But they were interpreted by American official spokesmen in such a way that their impact on Europe has been extremely unfortunate.

The interpretation given "balanced forces" suggested that it would be the role of the European nations to furnish the ground troops for war. "Equal shares" was interpreted as meaning that the proportion of military expense to national income must be the same for European nations as it is for the United States.

In the case of France, for instance, the practical result would be that the nation would be called on to furnish twenty divisions within the next two years. It is completely unrealistic to think that this project could be carried out. Psychologically as well as economically, it is inconceivable that France could accept it. Acceptance, incidentally, would mean that France very rapidly would have to be put on a semiwar economy, involving state control of production and distribution, a government dependent on its police force, and the outlawing of the Communist Party—that is to say, of some six hundred thousand Frenchmen.

Communist propaganda has never been provided with more useful material than it was by the bitter fruits of the London Conference. Never will it be easier for the Communists to insist that "America is dragging Europe into war, a war that America intends to

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wage with European blood and American machinery." The Communist pressure is so great and the party's strategy so successful that the French Minister for Defense, René Pleven, felt himself obliged to declare to the National Assembly that if the Americans really intended to follow such a principle he "would not remain one day longer in the Government."

In the face of the dangerous reactions in Europe to the London Conference, American policymakers hastened to change their original emphasis on military decisions. In several official statements they hastened to point out that recent technological discoveries made it possible to conceive of a defense of Europe that would be sparing of both men and money and that would not require the creation of large ground forces.

It is true that new weapons and new technical developments may entirely change the requirements for a sound defense, and thereby give Europe both a sense of security and exemption from perilous economic sacrifices. But if that is so, the error of American policy at London is even more serious and inexplicable. For not only did that policy place all the emphasis on military matters when the real nature of the struggle is essentially political, but even on the military plane—by America's own admission—it was outdated.

Today the Communist peace offensive drives across Europe. Its aim is to identify America with the atomic bomb, and American policy with pure and simple preparation for war. Unbelievable as it may seem, illogical as it may be, this campaign is succeeding. American aims and motives are becoming more and more obscure to the European. The more European incomprehension and hesitation increase, the more insistent American policy seems to become on military effort, and the less willing to define a political partnership.

This process can in turn lead to nothing but a new victory for the Stalinists. If their peace offensive continues to have a growing success, it will do much to make war inevitable. For, as *The Reporter's* editorial for May 9 stated: "... only if we lose or are about to lose the civil war will the enemy make war on us."

—J.-J. Servan Schreiber

Chip on Her Shoulder?

A controversial view of the postwar girl

If the challenge of the present to the young woman is very different from that which faced her mother, her response is almost diametrically opposite. Her mother was the famous flapper of the 1920's, classed as rebellious because she wore her hair shaved at the neck, her skirts cut to the knees, and her manners fresh. The daughter, in her teens, might have been a member of the bobby-sox brigade that screamed for autographs and swooned when Sinatra sang. But since she turned twenty she has grown coy and cautious. No new name has been coined for her, no recognizable stereotype of her has been cut by novelists or cartoonists. There are moments when the most remarkable thing about the postwar female seems to be that she makes so little mark on her time and her society. Her boy friends had their hour of fame when they were G.I.'s, and that aura still clings about them. But the small glory she can muster comes to her indirectly and by reflection—she was their pin-up girl, the one they fought the war to come home to.

The ex-bobby-soxers are the average in the mass of ten or twelve million American girls between twenty and twenty-nine. Some three or four million of them, married and unmarried, are working, and the rest are in college or at home. The average follow a pattern that changes more in outward aspects than at root—a pattern compounded of what their mothers tell them, what their mates believe, what they see in the movies or on the television screen, what they hear over the radio. At the moment they may appear as the young mothers in the chain stores, trundling their babies and their groceries up one aisle and down the other in a rolling basket furnished by the management. They are also the crisp and efficient girls in offices, the deft girls in factories. They all put glamour high on their list of desirable attributes. By a process of commercial glorification peculiar to America, their looks, desires, emotions, and whims, standardized and mass-produced, are made the approved pattern and broadcast to the world. In these various capacities they are the heroines of all movies, all radio scripts, all magazine stories, all gay advertisements of products manufactured for the millions. The contrast between the spotless and effortless life of ease that is pictured for them and the tangled problems that reality presents may be one reason why they grow so nervous and querulous so early.

But it is not among the average that one probes for the characteristics that distinguish one generation from another; it is among the educated, articulate, and self-conscious. These, after the First World War, were the "lost generation" who sat for likenesses by John Dos Passos and F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Held, Jr. Then the postwar young shocked their parents. Now the postwar young puzzle their parents.

Physically, the ten million damsels who came of age in the 1940's are a more attractive lot than their mothers were. Products of prenatal care, routine physical examinations, and the vitamin-and-spinach diet, a larger proportion of them are straight of limb and sound of body, with clear skins and shining hair. They are also bigger than their mothers were, which does not please them.

Most of them have had their teeth straightened early, their sight and their hearing tested, and any departure from the desirable norm of beauty corrected by devices dreamed up by the fashion trades.

That the modern girl still presents herself to public view in blue jeans,

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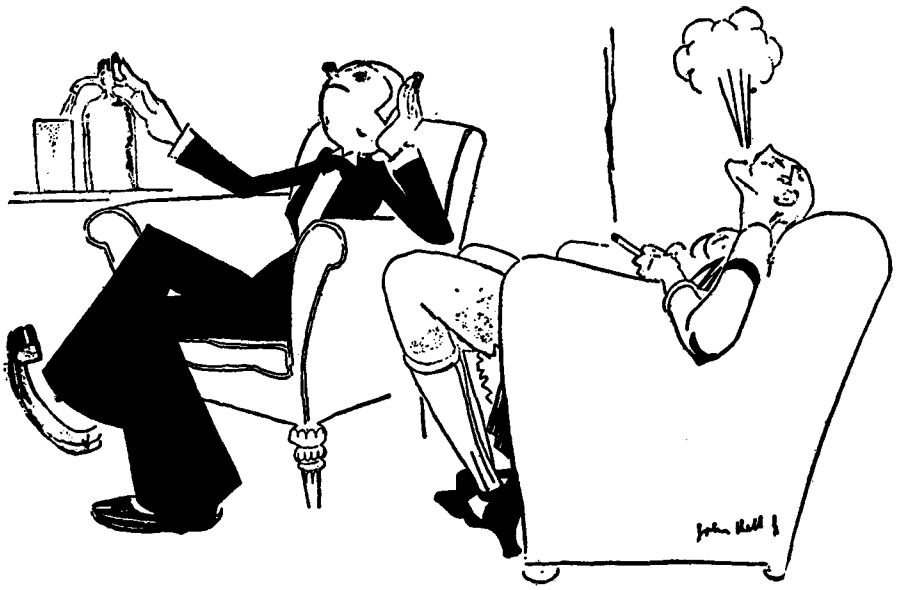

URSULA: IS MY NOSE SHINY, DEARIE?
LAMBERT: NO, BUT YOUR RIGHT KNEE IS DUSTY.

From *Life*, 1925, by John Held Jr.

Father's shirt, and a white dish towel is significant of the conflict and uncertainty that pervade the atmosphere about her. She does not want to grow up; she is not sure whether she wants to be a boy or a girl, so she clings to the happy, neuter garb of the childhood sand pile.

In the main, this modern postwar generation, female as well as male, has had three more years of schooling than the last one. Almost half of its members finished high school, thanks in part to changed state laws which kept them there forcibly. Ten per cent have had at least two years of college, thanks in part to Uncle Sam, who paid for the education of their G.I. brothers and thus enabled Father to send the girls to college.

Upwards of three hundred thousand of them have also had the debatable advantage of service in the armed forces under war conditions. These servicewomen were a minority group, and the war's effect on them has yet to be studied. The women who worked in shipyards, on the night shift in motor factories, as machine operators in the government's huge wage and pension offices—these too were torn out of the parochialism of feminine life, and given that broader touch with different kinds of people so characteristic of their generation.

In school or out, they had the advantage of consultation about themselves and their futures that was on the whole better founded, less tied to tradition, more scientifically intelligent than what was given their mothers. They have learned that some of their woes are due not to original sin but to broken homes; they are given the help of tests in probing for those bents and abilities which may be buried under the smooth surface of a general education.

Perhaps this kind of aid explains in part why some of the young seem to know more precisely than did the generation that followed the First World War just what they want in the world, and how they intend to get it. Their mothers, torn between tradition and rebellion, debated whether to undertake marriage or a career. Their daughters, some of them children of broken homes that followed on the heels of rebellion, want both and reach for them. They work in almost twice the number their mothers did, and at more varied jobs.

Women work chiefly because they have to; two out of every three make that report. The increase in youthful marriages during the last ten years is such as to confirm what one sees—that girls marry while they work, or even while they are in college. In 1940, about half of the girls between twenty and twenty-four were single; in 1950, less than a third in that age group were unmarried.

The effect such changes have on the girls themselves is visible only in an expression in their eyes, which seems halfway between defense and challenge. Formerly it was assumed that students were not to marry before graduation, and many were expelled for doing so. After the war, coeducational institutions and men's colleges were the first to be shaken into the new reality by a procession of G.I. students equipped with wives, trailers, and babies; there the pregnant female is no longer a threat or a terror. She does, however, remain a somewhat misplaced joke, and even in women's colleges she is attended by a certain bravado, which, in a generation priding itself on taking all things in its stride, testifies to her inner insecurity.

These, then, are the gains which the present postwar female enjoys: better physique, better education, closer touch with the realities of war as well as of industry, and a smoother transition from school to the adult world of marriage, babies, and jobs. Do these advantages make her happier, more able, better adjusted to the world she lives in?

Her mother thinks she is wonderful, but the praises heaped on her for the willingness with which she undertakes tasks she never was taught to do are as much a measure of her mother's incapacity as of the daughter's superior skill.

Daughters brought up in luxury are now bearing and bringing up children with the aid of a single infrequent baby sitter in place of the cook, housemaid, and nurse who attended them in infancy. Their mothers grow tearful over this gallant achievement, forgetting that in the best of times only five per cent of American households have the aid of full-time servants, and that their daughters, reared in these exceptional circumstances, are merely following the rule about reversions to the norm.

Their aunts are more critical. These young, they say, do not read after they leave college, or if they read it is only articles about baby tending or recipes for making a more spectacular meal than the Joneses. They cite Betty, graduated with honors in mathematics, now the mother of two plump babies, who spends her leisure moments with comic books and crossword puzzles. Or Julia, who served in the South Pacific with the Red Cross and in occupied Germany at the Nürnberg trials,

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and reads only detective stories. But there is also Jane, absorbed in *The Mature Mind,* except when her husband interrupts her to recite from T. S. Eliot on *Practical Cats.*

They have no civic conscience, say the aunts, and little idea of community service. They will work for hazy and distant world organizations, or to keep the State Department from approving loans to Franco, but they will not pay attention to the local schools or back plans for improving the local sewage system. They are not joiners, at least not of those organizations which their elders dominate and support, and it is noticeable that even the "youth organizations" are led by those who were young in the 1930's.

It may be that in part, at least, this negativity can be explained by the very different childhood circumstances which surrounded those who came to maturity after the two World Wars. The feminine generation of the 1920's lived its first twenty years in an atmosphere of expanding opportunity, mechanical change, and scientific discovery which transformed the environment into which it had been born, and heightened the normal American zest for change. That was a good time to be young in. Thanks to the automobile and the telephone, not to mention the electric light, electric iron, the vacuum cleaner, the radio, and the airplane, the world was transformed while the youngsters were growing up.

These mechanical changes gave girls as well as boys both a physical and a mental sense of holding their destinies in their own hands. For the girls, this heady feeling was increased by the widening opportunities which they saw before them. Campaigns for women's rights were climaxed in 1920 with the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, and for the moment it seemed that all barriers to feminine progress (then construed in terms of equal rights with men) were down. The traditional belief that a nice girl had only two choices, to marry or to teach school, died.

This rapid breaking of older patterns was accompanied by a rebellion against all sorts of things, ranging in value from latchkeys and long hair to the marriage ceremony. The flapper of the 1920's rebelled against chaperons, against unspoken rules about smoking, drinking, and corsets, against the sanctity of wedlock and the authority of the home, against her father's Republicanism and her mother's feminist ambitions. She was a "free soul." As she was able to dance the acrobatic Charleston and pass her examinations, so she could afford the luxury of daring anyone to stop her from becoming

"My dear, your skirt is positively *dragging*!"

From *Life*, 1928, by Eldon Kelley

a Socialist, a Theosophist, or a Communist.

Her rebellions were specific and articulate. Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Genevieve Taggard were merely the most famous three who sang their loves, their ecstasies, and their disillusionments with a new frankness. As a generation, these women have not stopped talking yet, and it may be that their volubility is in part responsible for the curious silence which surrounds whatever it is that goes on in their daughters' heads.

That silence is a very different response from the rebellion of the 1920's or the radicalism of the 1930's. Both of these sought an audience, and were only too eager to press their rightness in the face of age. This new silence, this shrugging of the shoulders, this half smile, half uncertain and wholly enigmatic, with which questions are turned aside—all are much harder to counter or to understand. They may express the prevailing unsureness, the lack of confidence in one's listener which is in part the fruit of too many witch hunts.

Certainly the smashing of standards and patterns in which their mothers indulged so joyously is a heritage which presents difficulties. The young woman who said, "You have no idea how hard it is to be brought up freed of standards and to be told to set your own every time you turn around" was describing a reform which has produced a series of troubling disorders.

Rebellion against the established régime broke up homes, among other things: There was one divorce for every 12.5 marriages in 1900, whereas in 1920 the proportion had risen to one in 7.5. Those divorces meant problems for the child victims.

Nor have the changes in environment from the 1920's to the 1950's been of as sunny a kind as those which transformed the world for the mothers. Basic mechanical and scientific inventions have given place to basic political and economic upheaval, less easy to hold in the hand. The world has grown smaller but less manageable, and a good deal of the aura of optimism is gone from around the shiny new toys.

These girls have lived through three spectacular periods—the lush 1920's into which they were born, the lean 1930's of their childhood, the 1940's that were half shooting war and half ideological war, and each has left its impression on them.

For Susan, who works within the realm of organized labor, the 1930's created in childhood an atmosphere of fear and uncertainty. The dark fear that Susan felt around her when she was ten ate at the value of the future, the value of planning, the value of any real security. It leached away the confidence which her mother's generation had in money as a thing that establishes position and must be saved. Inherited money she distrusts—she has seen too much of it taxed away, or spent by aging relatives who, thanks to science, lived beyond their span and left expectant relatives embittered.

These same fears made Peggy, who married immediately out of college, self-protective beyond her years, eager to conform to the patterns set by tradition. With her two children, she has pulled domesticity around herself like a cocoon. Fear has also robbed her of one of America's traditional freedoms —the right of youth to rebel without danger of serious punishment from society. The war and the postwar witch

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hunts have taken the fun out of intellectual extravagance; the penalties for free speaking hurt; and the price of generous and idealistic impracticality such as flooded the 1920's has been set too high.

The young have just complaints against their parents on many counts. One of them is that the rebelliousness which followed the First World War has failed to evolve into a positive and constructive attitude or belief either on the political or the personal side. That generous idealism, that sympathy for the underdog which seemed so powerful in the 1920's, has succumbed before the attack of too many underdogs who have become strong top dogs. Yet no new chord seems to vibrate as strongly as this one did.

On the personal side the prospect is brighter. It is true that the kind of psychological analysis to which the young have been subject since childhood has not yet been followed by much synthesis. More bad marriages have been broken under it than good marriages made. But there is at least a chance that this is temporary. The young women of today have been taught an astonishing amount about their bodies, their emotional needs, their physical responses. In theory, at least, they know more about sex than have any of their predecessors. How much they know in practice is a different question, and one hopes that the forthcoming Kinsey report on the female may shed some light on it. They are surrounded by an obsessive interest in sex that ranges from science to radio drama and advertising art.

They have been told in print, sound, and color that the rewards of sex in terms of happiness are the greatest which life offers, that the winning of a husband is the greatest triumph, that they need husbands, homes, and babies to complete their own development. Yet it is around the home that their most difficult problems range. Here too the ideal and the actual, the illusion and the reality, are widely separated. To think of a baby in the same way as a fur coat or a television set—as something that will contribute to the happiness of the mother—means trouble on both sides.

It takes nine months of shapeless unease to gestate a human baby, and at least another year to get it to the point where it can stand on uncertain feet. The well-educated and the alert know that during that period they are supposed to revert to their vegetative and mindless biological past. But here again the molds of the past have been broken too completely to be mended without cracks, and the new molds are experimental. It is one thing to believe that the full development of the feminine personality includes the bearing and rearing of children (though that belief may be hard on the children). It is another and very different thing to embark on that process and find that one resents the ascendancy of the diaper over the book, and that one hates being reduced to the common lumpish lot of all other female animals.

The split between those young women who feel a consuming need for babies and those who would like to subordinate them to what they regard as a more interesting life in the outside world is as sharp now as it was after the First World War, but the accent has shifted. Then women argued as to whether the home or the career was the better choice, and the more ambitious who chose both were interviewed for their daring. There is no longer news in this choice, and Margaret Mead went so far as to tell the New School for Social Research last winter that society now expects women to be able to handle marriage, babies, and a job. This takes considerable doing, and there is evidence on all sides that it cannot be done without a corresponding willingness on the part of the husbands to share both the responsibility and the actual work which tradition has assigned to women.

The interplay between husband and wife is far more subtle and complex than either the pioneer tradition or the boy-gets-girl movie plot would seem to indicate, and no scientist would claim that all the possible combinations of favorable factors for both have been worked out.

Science knows much more about women than it used to, but the more it knows the more it needs to know. Women do not live in a vacuum, and these young on whom so much expensive education has been spent are finding that to know about themselves they must also know about men and about society. Dr. Marie Jahoda, who is working with Dr. Carl Binger on a survey of students and education at Vassar, summed up the aching question in a sentence: "It would seem that the culture-at-large has not yet found an adequate solution for the conflict of the intellectually well-trained woman in our society." Marriage she may have, babies she may have, a job she may have; but happiness, which many of her kind define as the complete use of all her faculties and abilities, and due credit for that use, still eludes her. Perhaps this too is a secret of the defiance that lies in the eye of the young, and the chip that sits on their shoulders.

—Mildred Adams

"Mother, when you were a girl, didn't you find it a bore to be a virgin?"

From *The Best of Art Young*, 1927

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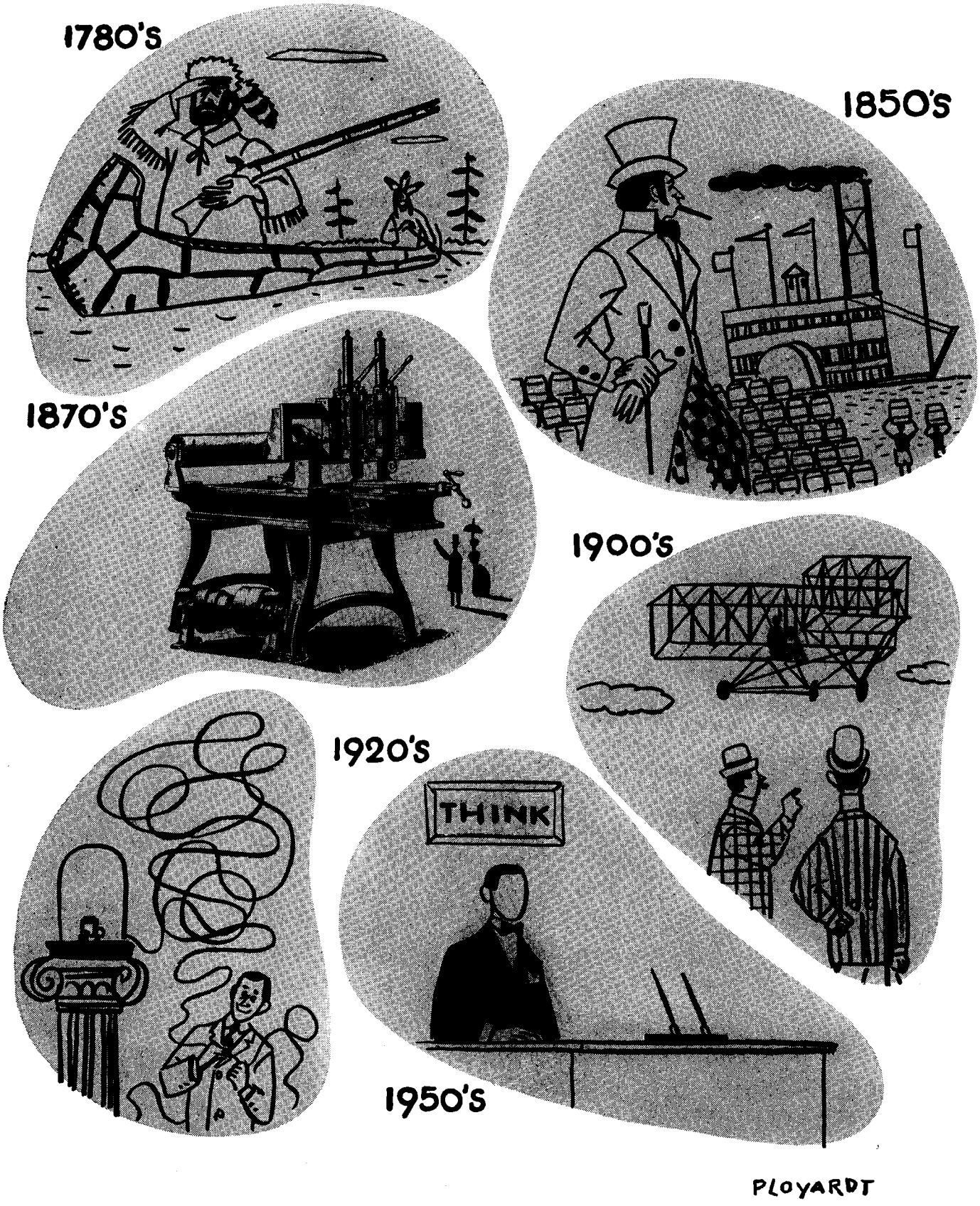
Postwar Careers



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Five Who Came Back

The postwar man: Reflections of some Carolina veterans

Not long ago I went out in the South Carolina county where I live to ask five veterans to weigh their wartime hopes against half a decade of postwar civilian life. I had known two of the five before, and the other three were recommended to me by friends.

I found the first man on a tractor path that was the boundary between two cotton fields. I found another talking under a "hicknut" tree on the main street of Aiken, the seat from which the county draws its name. On a quiet Negro street, I found yet another sitting in a cool, neat living room. With a fourth veteran I talked in the unnatural Saturday-afternoon stillness of a planing mill, over which hung the odor of wet, seasoning wood. I found the last by turning off a highway that joins several cotton-mill towns, driving through the littered back alleys of a company-owned village, and following a curving road up to a freeholders' knoll called Piney Heights, where a house built of rough, unfinished planks stood on the bare, red earth.

Wilbur Owens is a twenty-nine-year-old farmer who served in the armored artillery in Africa, Sicily, England, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. At a small, unpainted cottage, over which a rusty windmill threw its shadow, Owens's wife came to the screen door and told me: "Wilbur's in the field down the road after the pavement ends."

Owens was bouncing along on his tractor when I hailed him, but he stopped it and climbed down, a swarthy man with a small face and eyes in even more diminutive proportion. The chug of the motor, which he had left running, filled the frequent silences in our conversation.

"When I went into the service," he said, "I wasn't looking for nothing, and I wasn't looking for nothing when I come out. A lot of 'em overseas there used to say they was going to do something different when they come home. I can't say about the others, but I've done what I said I was going to do after the war.

"The Army taught me radio and electricity, and my job was being a communicator in a forward observer tank. But I never took so much to that work. I had a buddy from Virginia, and we used to sit around and talk. He'd say how he was gonna get some cattle after the war, and I'd say how I was coming back to South Carolina and have a farm of my *own*." He pulled down, for emphasis, his large, green-visored straw hat.

"My buddy and I still write to each other. He's got his cattle, and I've got my cotton. I don't think things are so bad. I'll tell you one thing: A damned fellow has to work! There's not any money in anything without you work.

"I clear about three or four thousand a year. I'm living in a tenant house still, but next fall I'm gonna build me a new house for my family, and, if I can find it close around, get me some more farming land."

Ed Cushman, now thirty-one and a member of the South Carolina House of Representatives, went into the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant in 1942, a few days after he graduated from law school. He fought with the First Marine Division at Guadalcanal, and was one of the malaria-ridden and exhausted men sent home at the end of that campaign. He was sent back overseas in time to fight on Iwo Jima. When the war ended, he was a captain investigating war frauds in Honolulu. Cushman is beginning to get fleshy around the chin, but still has the direct manner that marks the Marine officer. He shook my hand with evident relief when I told him my mission was nonpolitical. He was in the midst of his campaign for re-election, and I found him politicking under the shade of a hickory tree in front of the

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row of buildings where most of Aiken's lawyers have their offices.

"The one thing I certainly didn't mean to do when I got home was go right into politics," Cushman told me. "My idea was to come home and be an established lawyer first, and then go into politics. As soon as I got out, I went back to law school to take a year of tax law. Then I came home and hung out my shingle. It was a very rough deal. Do you know there are no less than twenty-three lawyers in this town?

"To tell you the truth, I was forced into politics to advertise myself as an attorney. And look at me now! Here I am, out beating the pavement for re-election, when I'd rather be up in my office working out some tax problem or other."

He paused, looked around, and noticed that a small group of people had gathered and were listening restlessly, a couple leaning against the tree, some perched on the fenders of parked automobiles, one or two sitting on their heels, country fashion.

"Let's sit down," he said, and quickly led me into an alcove between two buildings, where we sat on some rickety wooden steps that led to a second-floor law office.

"Until I went in the service," he began again, in a rather more intimate voice, "I didn't have any deep thoughts about the South, or Southern problems. I went in, did my stretch at Guadalcanal, came home and was in the hospital for a while, and did the stretch at Iwo Jima. I wasn't conscious of any change in me at all until I got back here in my own home town.

"All of a sudden everything hit me like a brick. Somehow my ideas were different from everybody else's." He looked at me to see how far he could go, and then exclaimed angrily:

"Why, damn it, if I got up on a platform around here and said what I really think, I couldn't be elected to the Outhouse Commission! I said to my wife the other night, 'Seems I'm getting a prejudice against prejudice.'

"It's funny how little of what I believe I can say. Take those people down in the mill towns. Why, go look at the old ones. When they come out of those mills, too old to work, they're sucked dry like an old lemon. They all ought to get adequate pensions.

"I honestly believe that the South is

the land of opportunity, but, damn it, we've got a lot to do to make it that." Cushman rose and asked, "Have you got enough?" and walked out to the sidewalk to greet a farmer dressed in clean, ironed overalls with a fresh white shirt and with hair neatly combed. The whole group around the tree alerted itself, and two or three of them said eagerly, "Hi, Ed."

George Weaver, a tall, handsome Negro with sharp, fine features and a soft voice, has just graduated from Paine College, a small Methodist school in Augusta, Georgia. When we sat down in the living room of his mother's home, where he and his wife are living temporarily, Weaver handed me his leather-bound diploma, allowed me a moment to look at it, and then gave me an orderly outline of his military career. He had spent forty-two months in an Army engineer company, first in Macon, Georgia, then in England, and finally, when the war with Germany had ended, he had been sent to the Philippines.

"The war," he said, "snatched me to my senses. Before the war I lived in a nice home with good parents, had been to college a year, but wasn't doing too well. I didn't give much consideration to anything. I was a little wild. I accepted the fact that I lived in a world and that there was no way out of it. I thought it was natural for a white man to hate a Negro.

"I met some pretty sound fellows in the service. Who? Well, I remember one fellow from Ohio, a white fellow. We talked day after day for nearly thirty days on a hospital ship coming back from the Philippines to the States. I had pleurisy. I don't remember exactly what we said. I can't even remember his name. He opened my eyes. He told me not to expect too much too soon, but he made me feel that something was going to give some day. He made me more understanding. I guess it's mostly because of him that I can say now that I don't have any over-all hate for anyone.

"When I first went to camp in Macon I was a little wild. After I'd been there a while the Army put me to work helping one of the instructors who was teaching reading and writing. Maybe up to then I'd really been ashamed of some people. But I saw that even the most ignorant fellows could learn to read and write. And I saw and got to believe that most of them really wanted to learn.

"I'm going to Gammon Theological Seminary in Atlanta next fall. I hope to pastor. They say a minister gets to speak to more people more often than anybody else. Negroes need educated leaders, and the church is the best place to give them leadership. What I hope to do, maybe in co-operation with other churches in the community I go to, is set up some classes, reading and writing classes. Maybe we won't ever be able to teach some people to read every word in a newspaper, but we can teach them enough so they can get the gist of it, and know what's going on. That will be a big help. Then I also hope to organize some adult discussion groups, where we can talk about our problems.

"Don't you think," he asked as we walked to the door, "that would be a good start?"

At thirty-seven, A. Leland Slade, Jr., is one of Aiken's most successful young businessmen, and is often described in his home town as "a good man," a tribute to his general kindness and his pleasant, self-depreciating, sincere way. All his friends, and even his wife, call him simply "Slade." He has commanded the local American Legion post and is proud of the days when, as an Army major, he ran replacement depots—the famed "repple depples"—during the war in North Africa and Italy.

His lumber company's operations

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now extend into several Southern states. As one of his friends told me, "Slade's got sawmills stuck in half the swamps in South Carolina." Slade had asked me to come and see him at his planing mill on a Saturday afternoon. We talked in his cluttered office, while he riffled through a high pile of checks and letters to be signed. He waited for questions, and answered with a self-effacing introductory phrase.

"I didn't know what I wanted to do when I got back from the war," he said, "unless it was to come home and live well. I wanted a beach house and a good living." He has both.

"Not much else has happened to me. Somebody persuaded me to run for the city council, and I ran and was elected, and didn't run again and was very happy to be out of politics and have it over with. Our ticket did set up the merit system for policemen and firemen, but, hell, that's already been thrown out. Politics is like butting your head against a wall.

"We tried, some of us younger fellows, to get some new business into Aiken, and the older men thought we were too young and radical, and we failed. Yes, we did conduct a manpower survey of the county, and they say that was a good thing." On his wall, I saw a framed Distinguished Service Award from the Aiken Junior Chamber of Commerce, of which he was the first postwar president.

Slade had seen me turn away, and now that we no longer faced each other, he began to muse. "I'm overage now for the Jaycees, and the younger group doesn't seem to have the spirit. They didn't have to go through the depression, didn't have to scuffle around like some of us did to make a living in the '30's. They just haven't had it, the way we older fellows had it.

"And I guess a lot of us older fellows have just about given up on remaking Aiken. We're satisfied to let it go at making things better for our kids. I'm out of the Jaycees now, out of politics. I stay in the Legion because they do things for kids, like the junior baseball and the Boys' State and stuff like that. Of course I haven't any use for the professional handout gang in the Legion. Governor Thurmond has appointed me to the State Forestry Commission, and the biggest kick I get out of that comes out of having something to do with the state parks."

At Lewis Sizemore's house in Piney Heights, a car pulled in ahead of me. A heavy-set, purposeful woman stepped gingerly to the ground.

"That's my mammy-in-law," Sizemore said, "and I've told her she better get back to Ohio quick as she can, leave me and my wife alone. Every time she comes down here she makes trouble. She's done everything she can to make me go to Ohio.

"I'm not leaving here!" he announced loudly, apparently for his mother-in-law's ears as well as mine. "Over there my own mammy lives." He pointed to a painted white house that sat farther along the side of the hill. "We got it built just before I went in the Navy, and I put it in mammy's name. If I came back, it was mine. If I didn't it was hers. Then when I did get back I built this place. I didn't build it myself, you understand. I had a jackleg carpenter do it, and I like to had to whop him two or three times before he got it done."

When his mother-in-law had disappeared into the house, Sizemore talked about the war. "I was a small-boat coxswain. We were a bunch of cowboys. We could turn those little babies on a dime, and they sounded like a speedboat.

"I didn't have any big plans for what I'd do when I came home. What we mostly talked about was liquor and women. And sometimes we fought the War Between the States. I was pretty happy-go-lucky.

"When I got out I got married and went back to work in the bleachery. I don't know where I picked up the idea, maybe it was while I was in the service, but I got it in my head that we ought to have a union in the mill, and I joined up in that AFL union. I can't remember the name of it. The company found out about it, and laid twenty of us off.

"I'll tell you something: The people around here haven't got sense enough to stick together. When you try something, why, some little pimp runs to the company officials. The AFL has got a suit in for us now, with some labor board, but I can't get a job in any of the valley mills any more. I'm driving a truck.

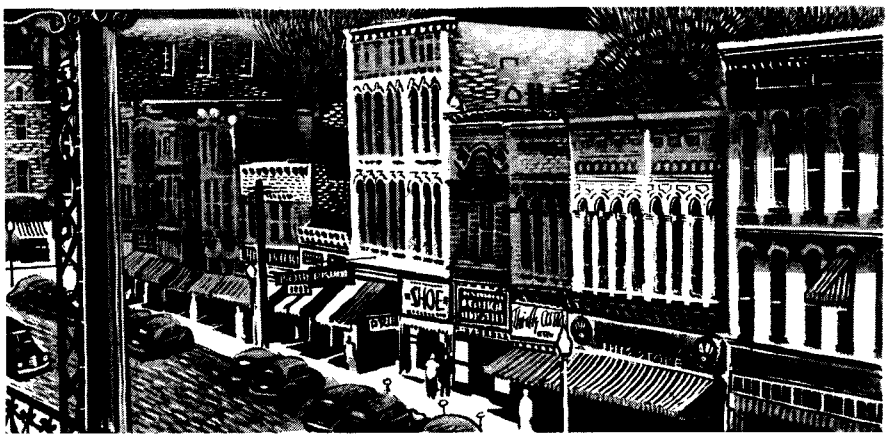
"If I could just set me up a little shop, I wouldn't care whether I ever went back to work in the mills. Now," he said, growing intent, "what I'd really like to do is get me an acetylene outfit, a paint spray outfit, and an electric welding outfit. That'd be nice, very nice . . . to have my own little shop.

"There's one thing more you ought to say. I like to hunt and fish. Me and my buddy go out on the weekends. We fish sometimes in the Edisto, sometimes in the Ashepoo, sometimes in the Combahee. We haven't got any dogs for hunting, but we know a fellow who has got some. Oh, I've got a couple around the house here, but you know . . . they're no good for hunting any more.

"And one more thing. I got rabbits. Not those furry kind; they're no good for eating. I haven't sold any yet, but a fellow that runs the store down the road asked me if I'd sell some. Sure, they're good for eating! I had twenty-four at the last count and one's just had a litter of twelve. I can't build pens fast enough for them.

"And, just think, that old woman wants *me* to go to Ohio!"

—GEORGE MCMILLAN



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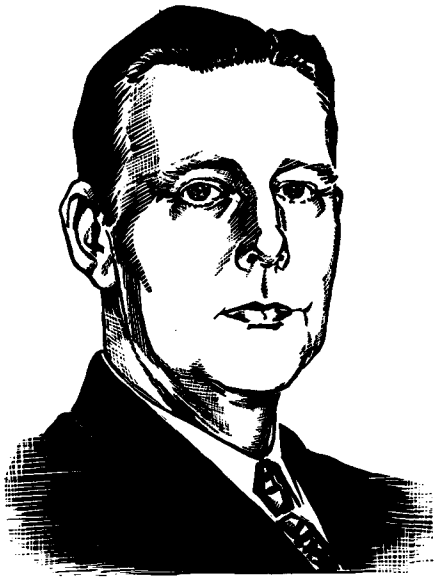
Tobin of Labor

Maurice Tobin is a man who likes to belong. From boyhood he has sought a hero to worship and a team to cheer for. He has progressed from the fraternity of Boston newsboys to Notre Dame's vicarious subway alumni to a youthful political clique in his home ward to the city-wide Curley gang to the Massachusetts liberal-labor alliance. Today, as Secretary of Labor, he belongs to, is identified with, and champions one of the biggest teams in the world: American organized labor. In Harry Truman he has a leader, if not a hero. In the Fair Deal he has a full and comprehensive text to quote from. Is it any wonder that Maurice Tobin is a happy man?

With his new-found faith and an apparently inexhaustible supply of wares (Taft-Hartley repeal, higher minimum wages, higher pensions, longer unemployment compensation, an effective FEPC, and many others), Tobin goes forth from Washington on the average of twice each week to preach to the hinterlands. In the capital, he talks to at least one delegation of visiting firemen a week. As a young man, Tobin's ambition was to become a salesman. Today, he is the foremost salesman of the Truman Fair Deal.

Tobin has always had high ambitions and usually has attained them. His career has been marked by a series of dramatic leaps which have been the envy and chagrin of his stodgier and less successful contemporaries in the Boston political arena. They usually ascribe his rise to luck. As one of them said to me: "Tobin was born with a horseshoe in one hand and a fistful of four-leaf clovers in the other. He was bound to be always finding some rainbow round the corner." Tobin's more vindictive critics raise charges of personal treachery. Like Woodrow Wilson, whom he resembles in almost no other respect, Tobin is alleged to have leapfrogged to power along a trail of broken friendships. The soundest explanation is more complex and less sinister than either of these.

The Tobin story begins in the Mission Hill district of Roxbury, one of Boston's shabby, neglected wards, teeming with poverty-stricken Irish. Tobin's father was one of the immigrants who surged in just before the turn of the century. Maurice was born in 1901. At his neighborhood's parochial school, he was only a fair student and no athlete either, though he was bigger and taller than his classmates. His most vivid childhood memory is of climbing out of bed at 4:30 to sell newspapers for three hours before school.



MAURICE TOBIN

After two years at the High School of Commerce, Tobin reached the legal minimum working age of sixteen and quit. (As Secretary of Labor, he now issues an appeal each fall to school-age youngsters urging them not to follow this precedent.) He held various odd jobs, but didn't succeed in getting himself established anywhere. During the business slump of 1922, he was out of work for a few months. This year was to mark a turning point. Tobin devoted his days to campaigning for a neighborhood friend who was running for Congress. The friend lost the campaign, but Tobin found his career.

Also in 1922, Tobin's father was permanently incapacitated by a serious accident. At twenty-one, Tobin was the family's main support. That year he found a job with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company and began to work his way up in its bureaucracy. By studying evenings he acquired a high-school diploma, and later, a smattering of liberal-arts education at Boston College. But he went to school only two or three nights a week. Other evenings Tobin spent with his young cronies in the Montclair Social Club at Roxbury Crossing. They called themselves the Roxcross Gang. Inevitably, in that Knute Rockne era, Notre Dame became the synthetic alma mater of these young Irish Catholics. If they were flush, they made the fall pilgrimage to New York for the Army-Notre Dame game, and until quite recently this trip was a yearly observance for Tobin.

It was these Roxbury friends who, in 1926, boosted Tobin into office as a state representative. But there was another vital background figure. Jimmy Tobin, his younger brother, persuaded Maurice to run and acted as campaign manager and chief money-raiser. Maurice campaigned with vigor and dash, and swept the field.

Service in the Democratic minority in the Massachusetts legislature customarily leads nowhere. After one term, Tobin sought to make the jump to Congress. He won the nomination, but found himself up against a formi-

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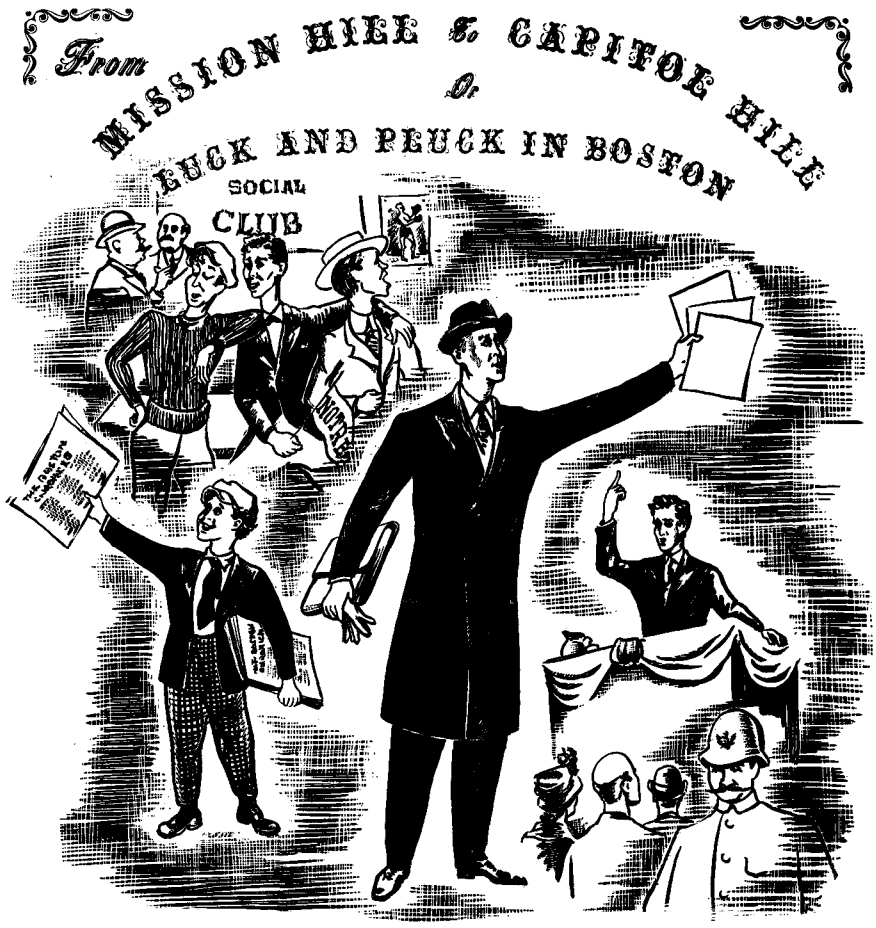

dable Republican incumbent, the bearded big-game hunter George Holden Tinkham. Since Tinkham, like Tobin, was anti-Prohibition and pro-prosperity, it was a little difficult for Tobin to think up vote-catching issues, and he was roundly defeated.

Another event which Tobin now emphasizes heavily occurred in 1928. At the Democratic National Convention that year he met former Mayor James M. Curley for the first time. Now that Tobin is a national figure, he is sensitive about stories that link him with Curley, or which refer to him as a Curley "protégé" or "ward heeler." He stresses the fact that at the time of his first meeting with Curley he was already an established figure in his own right.

Curley, then about to enter his third term as mayor, was nearing the peak of his power and prestige. Tobin quickly became identified as one of "Uncle Jim's" bright young men. It was the one major mistake of Tobin's career. Actually, Curley had little to give bright young men, since he had always surrounded himself with a power vacuum, in which satellites, but not potential successors, might dwell.

In 1931 Tobin was elected to the Boston School Committee, which is less important as an educational body than as a proving ground for ambitious politicians. Any large school system presents numerous opportunities for dispensing patronage and favors, and in the Boston system these activities are highly developed. Tobin did not exploit the job as much as most of his colleagues, but his six years on the board kept his name in the papers and gave him wide public-speaking experience before nonpolitical audiences throughout the city. He was a special favorite with mothers' clubs.

Tobin ran for mayor in 1937 and defeated Curley, who was again seeking the office after a term as governor, by a margin of more than twenty thousand votes. This decisive victory crippled Curley's prestige and broke the long-term grip he had held on the city's politics.

Tobin's triumph was the product of a strange coalition. He had the solid financial backing of the city's business community and heavy majorities in the two wards still dominated by the dwindling Yankee Republican bloc. On the other hand, he had support from liberals who had been alienated by Curley's sniping at the New Deal and by his nagging feud with President Roosevelt. Tobin also enjoyed an abnormally solid vote in the Jewish districts, where Roosevelt was already something of a folk hero. But the vital center of his strength was the newly emerging Irish middle class.

During the forty years since Tobin's parents had come from the old country and since Curley had begun his career, large numbers of Irish had made tidy fortunes as contractors or had reached respectability and security, if not opulence, in the professions and the lower and middle echelons of insurance, banking, and public utilities. Many of these people or their sons were college graduates, and many had attended Boston College. No alumnus of this Jesuit school had ever been mayor of Boston, but Tobin, of course, had been a night-school student. He made the college anthem, "For Boston," his campaign theme song—and learned to sing it better than most alumni.

Tobin also picked up support from the infant CIO and the restless unemployed. But this last element was only a marginal factor in the Tobin coalition. Four years later, he lost much of this low-income protest vote and still squeaked through. The hard core of Boston's poor—the Negroes in the slums of the South End, the Italians in the North End, the Irish waitresses and longshoremen of Charlestown, and the lower strata of the South Boston Irish—never deserted Curley. Moreover, Curley and his associates so assiduously cultivated the opinion that Tobin had "betrayed" his "master" that there is now a vitriolic "hate Tobin" cult in Boston.

There were several reasons why Tobin, rather than any one of a dozen contemporaries, should have been the natural choice of the fusion movement. The most obvious explanation was that Tobin had the most political sex appeal. An attractive, debonair figure, he is tall, slender, and spectacularly handsome, with thick brown hair slicked severely back, a long, straight nose, a wide, thin mouth, and large, pale-blue

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eyes. In any city, good looks are a political asset; in Boston, where so many politicians seem to have an inexorable affinity for two chins and a fifty-inch waistline, they are especially valuable. Tobin accentuated this asset by becoming one of Boston's best-dressed men.

More fundamental to his success was Tobin's background. Immigrants who make good tend to generate hostility and resentment among their less successful fellows because they attain success by their adjustment to American practices and values and their corresponding desertion of immigrant customs. Curley knew this, and had always neutralized potential middle-class foes by stigmatizing them as "lace-curtain." Tobin, however, could not be written off in this way. He was authentically a man from the ranks of the poor. He had no embarrassing college degrees or chamber-of-commerce connections. He had the indefinable vitality, the psychological potency of the first-generation man on the make, rather than the timidity and conventionality of the lace-curtain parvenu.

The final factor in Tobin's success is another intangible personal quality. Though he has ambition and daring, these have always been balanced by complete lack of blatant aggressiveness. Tobin has neither the cocksure brashness of Hubert Humphrey nor the dogged calm of Robert Taft. Growing sophistication has transformed youthful shyness into a certain ingratiating air of deference to the other person's point of view. This apparent deference may spring from some personal insecurity, such as Tobin's awareness of his lack of a university education. The explanation may lie simply in the swift pace of his advance: In 1922 Tobin was an unemployed manual laborer; six years later he was a candidate for Congress. In 1931 he was a fifty-dollar-a-week employee of the telephone company; six years later he was elected mayor, and the Parkmans, Shattucks, and Adamses were calling him by his first name.

Tobin was not elected as a reform candidate. He made the traditional genuflections toward honesty and efficiency, but the real keynote of his campaign was a revulsion from the flamboyant Curley tradition. During

FAMILY PORTRAIT

his seven years as mayor, Tobin worked hard but accomplished relatively little. By La Guardia standards, he was a run-of-the-mill mayor, but by Boston standards he was a considerable success. His appointments were often mediocre, but he came through two administrations with no great scandals.

Like his predecessors, he found Boston's major problems insoluble because it is strangled by a chain of suburbs whose residents pay no taxes to the city where they earn their bread. Faced with staggering relief rolls, a huge debt, and a generally bleak economic situation, he had recourse to the standard conservative expedients. His first year in office he devoted largely to stumping the state to win support in the legislature for a Boston sales tax. This effort failed, but with the aid of the war boom, he sweated $46 million out of the city's bonded debt.

In 1944, Tobin used this record as a springboard to the governorship. He roared in with a record-making one million votes and a plurality of 150,000. He carried Boston by a relatively modest margin, but swept the upstate districts. Broadening his base of operations also involved reorienting his political thinking. He accepted the support of the CIO-PAC and became a militant champion of labor measures. The sales tax he had urged six years earlier he now opposed. He became acquainted with more abstruse problems, such as civil liberties and discrimination against minorities, in which he had previously shown no interest. Under his vigorous leadership, Massachusetts became the fifth state to pass fair employment practices legislation. It was not that Tobin had formerly been opposed to labor unions or consumer groups or minorities. It was simply that their problems did not come within the scope of his work as school-board member and mayor. Once they did come within his range as a state-wide candidate and then as governor, he familiarized himself with them. His working-class background and humanitarian sympathies harmonized happily with the intellectual drift of the Democratic Party under Roosevelt. Tobin does not read widely, but like many politicians he is a good listener and a fast learner. He picked up the New Deal line by a process of intellectual osmosis. He now sings it as well as he does the Boston College anthem.

Tobin can be sold an argument because he is a sensitive person who is willing to listen to other people. Throughout his life, he has found that listening to others pays off—whether it was to his brother telling him to run for the legislature, to prominent businessmen urging him to take a conservative approach as mayor, or to Harry Truman urging him to become Secretary of Labor. Naturally, since his impetus frequently comes from such outside sources, Tobin is slightly more prone than most politicians are to vacillation.

In the case of his gradual switch to a more militantly liberal line as governor, Tobin was receptive because, once unemployed himself and the son of an incapacitated workingman, he was prepared to listen when a piece of legislation was recommended on the ground that it would help the poor. Intellectually he was responsive because he is devoutly attached to the Catholic social theories he became acquainted with in evening college. (For him these ideas are imprecise, if not nebulous, but that does not affect his passionate commitment.) From the welfare society of the papal encyclicals to the welfare state of the Fair Deal is a short step.

Tobin, nonetheless, surprised even his well-wishers by his fight for OPA

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during his 1946 gubernatorial campaign. "Had Enough?"—the Republican slogan that year—originated in Massachusetts and was used with devastating effect. Taunted with the meat shortage and under heavy pressure to join in the anti-OPA drive, Tobin defended the philosophy of price controls with an ardor and resourcefulness that would have done credit to Chester Bowles. Needless to add, he was defeated.

Out of public office for the first time in nine years, Tobin did not enter business. How he supported himself for the next two years is something of a mystery. But it may be presumed that like many other men in public life he had taken advantage of the numerous investment opportunities which inevitably come the way of important officeholders. Politics is his one true vocation, and he spent most of his time like a big-league pitcher in the off season, replaying his recent defeats and planning for next season. He had just entered a grueling fight for renomination as governor in the summer of 1948, when to the surprise of himself and everyone else he received a phone call from Washington offering him the Secretaryship of Labor. After some hesitation he succumbed to the glamour of the job and accepted.

It seemed at the time that he was merely joining an interim government, but Tobin set to work with enthusiasm. He knew no more about the Taft-Hartley Act than did most intelligent laymen, but just as a decade before he had spent hours as a rookie mayor boning up on the city budget, he now worked late in the evenings studying labor questions. In the campaign that followed he stumped the country for nine weeks, making 150 speeches in twenty states. This work gave him a solid prestige with the White House which he still enjoys.

As Secretary of Labor, Maurice Tobin moves today on the outer rim of government-labor relations. The big disputes in steel and coal are in the hands of Cyrus Ching's Mediation Service, an independent agency. The National Labor Relations Board supervises the daily mechanics of collective bargaining and it, too, is completely autonomous. But Tobin plays a more important role than that of caretaker for the Women's Bureau and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. He is the President's leading spokesman on issues affecting labor, with all the prestige and influence that implies. Though he is deprived of immediate influence on specific issues, Tobin plays a strategic role in determining the tone, the temper, and the long-range drift of labor policy.

In performing this role, Tobin displays the spirit and intellectual outlook that motivated the crusading members of the Labor Department and the staff of the NLRB fifteen years ago. His guiding principles are sympathy for the underdog and a profound and uncritical enthusiasm for the labor movement. Some light can be shed on his attitude by a look at the items he stresses in his speeches. One of these is unemployment insurance. Three out of every ten workers are not covered by this system: "They must be brought in under the umbrella." Too many states pay too little weekly compensation: "We must have a national minimum." Unemployed heads of families suffer correspondingly more than do single men who are jobless: "We need dependents' allowances." Tobin told me that his greatest accomplishment as governor was his successful fight for a bill giving the unemployed an extra payment of two dollars a week for each dependent.

A second item is minimum-wage legislation. He is pleased that Congress raised the rate to seventy-five cents an hour last year. He has publicly championed a legal minimum wage of a dollar an hour. Another interest is child labor. A fourth theme is old-age pensions, which he declares are "grossly inadequate." Publicly he defers to Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing on this issue, but he is on record as favoring a government-backed hundred-dollar-a-month pension at sixty-five for everyone, to be financed by some sound insurance plan. What this "sound insurance plan" would consist of he does not say.

Finally, Tobin constantly stresses the problem of the ten million low-income families. He points out, for example, that there are two million families who live in houses without running water. Mass purchasing power as a depression-preventive is Tobin's chief economic rationale for this program. But humanitarian zeal for the welfare state, rather than economic logic, is his fundamental inspiration. Speaking to a recent labor gathering, he declared: "The more we achieve in the field of labor standards, the more there is to do. . . . For we seek to carry out the promise of the Psalmist: 'The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever.' Those words contain our commitment and our reward."

But this approach, pleasant as it is to the leaders of organized labor, with whom no Secretary has ever had more uniformly cordial and sympathetic relations, is keyed to the realities of 1935, not those of 1950. The fact is that the question of unemployment compensation is a settled one, and such problems as child labor are fading into the past. This intellectual lag exists because Tobin's acquaintance with labor is limited almost exclusively to its top-drawer leadership. One does not meet steelworkers and longshoremen on a banquet tour. And there is nothing in his background to make up the deficiency. Boston, a commercial rather than a manufacturing center, has never been a union town in its psychology. Tobin's own experience of the labor movement is vicarious and therefore sentimental.

Lacking this practical grasp, Tobin is unaware of or indifferent to the larger, more somber issues raised by the growth of big labor in the last decade and a half. Union labor is now a powerful social institution with sweeping and as yet undefined power to manipulate the economy, with the

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same inherent tendencies of all big institutions toward rigid stratification and toward dwarfing the importance of the individual member.

Tobin views this rather complacently as an "inevitable" trend. He declared that he was unfamiliar with the work of the House labor subcommittee headed by Representative Andrew Jacobs (Democrat, Indiana), which is investigating undemocratic union practices. Tobin does support an amendment requiring periodic union elections. He favors industry-wide bargaining, "because it eliminates wage differentials." But industry-wide strikes are a problem he refuses to face up to. When asked his substitute for the injunction, he amplified the answer which brought open guffaws in the hearing room when he gave it a year and a half ago to Senator Taft: "I believe a genuine national emergency will not arise more than once in ten years, and at that time the President will have the power of public opinion and the full resources of his office to deal with it."

Presumably Tobin, through his contacts with the top of the union hierarchy, could ultimately become well informed on the more complex and subtle issues. But no one can imagine him differing from these same labor leaders on an important policy question in the way that Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, for instance, has bucked the Grange and the Farm Bureau Federation on farm policy. To preside takes intelligence and good will; to *decide* also requires independence bred of personal experience.

At present Tobin is crusading, rather than confronting facts. If he should achieve his stated goals—repeal of Tart-Hartley and a voice in the Mediation Service and the National Labor Relations Board—would his native force and his capacity to learn make Tobin equal to the task of formulating and directing day-to-day policy in every sphere, from Lewis's miners to Beck's teamsters, from pensions to take-home pay?

The late Justice Holmes once said: "There comes a time in every man's life when all the trees are behind him and he must stand on the crest of the hill and brave the wind alone."

Maurice Tobin has not yet reached the crest of the hill.

—William V. Shannon

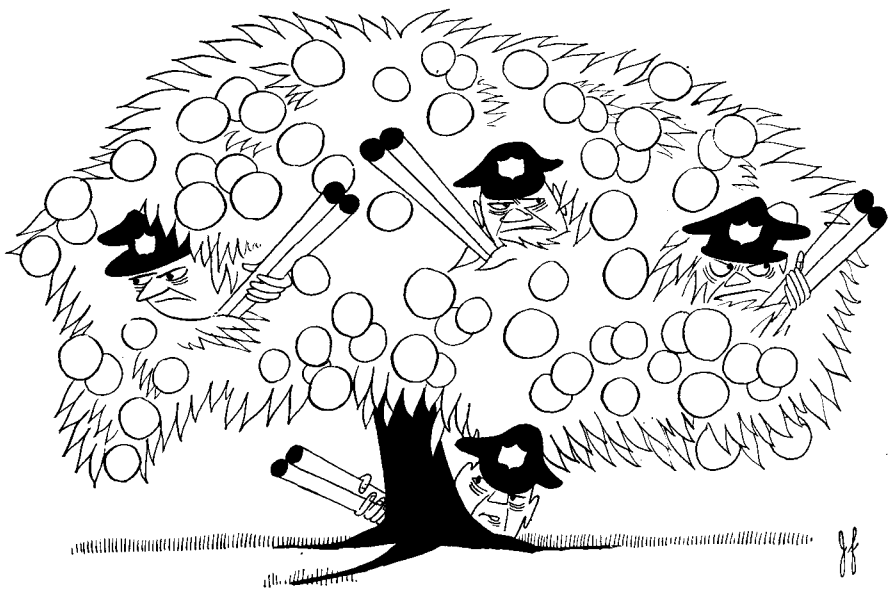
California

Smudge Over Sunkist

One of the favorite exercises of Southern California poets and historians has been to compare the local citrus country with the fabled western garden of the Hesperides. Though the parallel has been drawn many times, it bears repeating. The fabled garden was rich and set apart, and it grew golden apples that were guarded by nymphs and a dragon. The Pacific citrus belt is rich, set far apart from the common run of U. S. agriculture, and it grows Sunkist oranges that are guarded by No Trespassing signs, dogs, electric fences, and the California constabulary. So far as is known, only Hercules ever broke through the cordon of nymphs to possess himself of a golden apple; few mortals have ever dared steal an orange from a grove in Southern California. The mythological garden was an enchanted place, free of mortals. The citrus belt also has a powerful air of enchantment—but then the parallel breaks down. The California orange country is being overrun by mortals—the general public, in fact.

The old-line Southern California citrus society—at base a unique landed gentry, ingrown economically, politically, and culturally, with over sixty years of ducal living behind it—has never taken very kindly to the general public. Its founders were mostly well-to-do business or professional men who arrived from the East or Midwest with an urge to buy private estates in exotic settings—not merely to mingle or to set up new businesses. The pioneers' economic and cultural advantages, and their expensive tastes in houses and land, very quickly inflated all values in the citrus belt, and gave, in the period from 1870 to 1930 or so, an air of gentlemanly elegance to the occupation of growing oranges. Others of the national aristocracy of money and talent were naturally attracted by that air, and they swelled such early citrus colonies as Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, and San Bernardino. The poor were attracted, too, of course, but orange culture was not a yeoman's game, and most of them were obliged to settle for—and in—Los Angeles.

It should not be assumed that the citrus pioneers moved into a ready-



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made gardenland. They moved into the ancient home of the Digger Indian and the coyote—a stark, waterless, sunstruck semidesert—and they made their own garden with imported water. The local rainfall, which can never be counted on except in the fog zones of the citrus belt (where inferior fruit is grown, incidentally), forced them to construct one of the world's major irrigation projects. They experimented, improvised, and built an industry that led the state in agricultural returns from 1890 to 1938, and is now worth some $500 million.

Because most of the pioneers were businessmen with a lively professional interest in cost cutting and the stabilization of production and distribution, they established, in 1893, the California Fruit Growers Exchange, a federated co-operative that now has over two hundred district packing organizations. This giant enterprise (now controlled by big growers who raise fruit for profit, not elegance) set up headquarters in Los Angeles, coined the name Sunkist, and became one of the most efficient marketing organizations in existence.

Through Sunkist, a grove owner could really become a gentleman farmer in the grand tradition. That is, he could do no work at all. The co-operative would, on request, tend his trees, pick, ship, and sell his fruit, and collect his bill. Foremen hired by Sunkist stood between many growers and any contact with the thousands of citrus workers. The workers labored apart, lived apart in dismal company settlements or in the dozens of towns that dot the thickly populated citrus belt, and got little from the cultural apparatus (such as segregated schools) provided for them. About the only times the field workers (who are still unorganized) intruded themselves upon the growers' consciousness were when they struck for higher wages. These intrusions were quickly and forcefully repulsed by guards, sheriffs, and highway patrolmen, whose duty to the orange has long come first.

The orange itself, that red-gold globe, was, as has often been pointed out, a fitting symbol for the Southern California territory, a kind of first citizen in looks, breeding, and earning power for the whole lush section.

Since they were sellers first, with a thoroughgoing knowledge of the kick in advertising, the growers promoted their Valencia and navel oranges as Southern California symbols until they created a regional myth that brought more people to the Golden State than the gold rush had, and somehow lent to the grower way of life an illusion of unchallengeable position and hundred-proof immortality that still exists. Or at least it existed until last winter.

In January, when a series of freezes ruined about twenty-two per cent of California's orange, lemon, and grapefruit crops, and cost the growers millions of dollars, the regional myth sustained abrupt damage. To fight the frost, the growers had raised their usual canopies of oily brown smudge smoke over hundreds of miles of groves. Since smudge cannot be confined, it had drifted, as always, over the belt towns —soiling houses, clothes, and children, and inflaming eyes, throats, and tempers. There was nothing unusual about any of this, of course. The damaging thing was that this time the townspeople protested suddenly and angrily.

No one, except perhaps the field workers, had ever organized open resistance to the growers before. To question their right to smudge towns as well as groves was to challenge not only the gloved might of an established aristocracy but the very well-being of the great garden itself. The growers, who also own business and industrial plants, and wield power second to none in California's state senate, could not have been more astonished had the townsmen suddenly declared for public ownership of the groves. The challenge was a kind of tip-off, a sign that the right of command in Southern California was shifting rapidly from rural to urban hands, a striking disclosure that a new and powerful force, the recent immigrants to California, was at work in one of the biggest and fastest regional changes in U.S. history.

Since the war, a bumper crop of trouble has come along to weaken the growers' insular position. In 1948-1949, frost cut California's citrus tree crop from a yearly average of a hundred thousand carloads to about sixty-eight thousand carloads, while orange pro-

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duction in Florida boomed beyond record. The railroads have received an average postwar increase of fifty-seven per cent in freight rates—which at present favor Florida 1½ to 1 (Eastern markets are the principal targets for both California and Florida growers). Then, the AFL and CIO persisted in trying to organize the field workers, which created a distinct mental hazard even though neither organization got anywhere, because many pickers were apathetic, many were Mexicans who feared trouble with immigration authorities, and almost all were buffaloed by the feudal, paternalistic system. Since 1943-1944, climatic changes, or faulty irrigation methods in some groves, or *something,* has drastically cut the size of many oranges and created a dwarfed fruit (unhappily labeled the "golf-ball orange").

On top of all this, the unit cost of California orange production went up from an already arresting average of $154 per acre to an average of $260—thus again lengthening the odds on Florida, where acreage costs average $150, and where it costs a grower about fifty cents to produce a box of oranges, against an average California cost of about $1.80 a box. (Florida has this edge mainly because labor is cheaper, more citrus land is available, and irrigation is unnecessary.) Beyond all these troubles, however—far, far beyond them—a brazen newcomer, frozen orange-juice concentrate in cans, came into the postwar market with a rush that took the belt's co-operative breath away. The reason was that Florida produced and sold oranges more cheaply than California, so canners bought over half of Florida's 1948-1949 crop and left California to make out with the original orange—or "Nature's package." Nothing more to it than that.

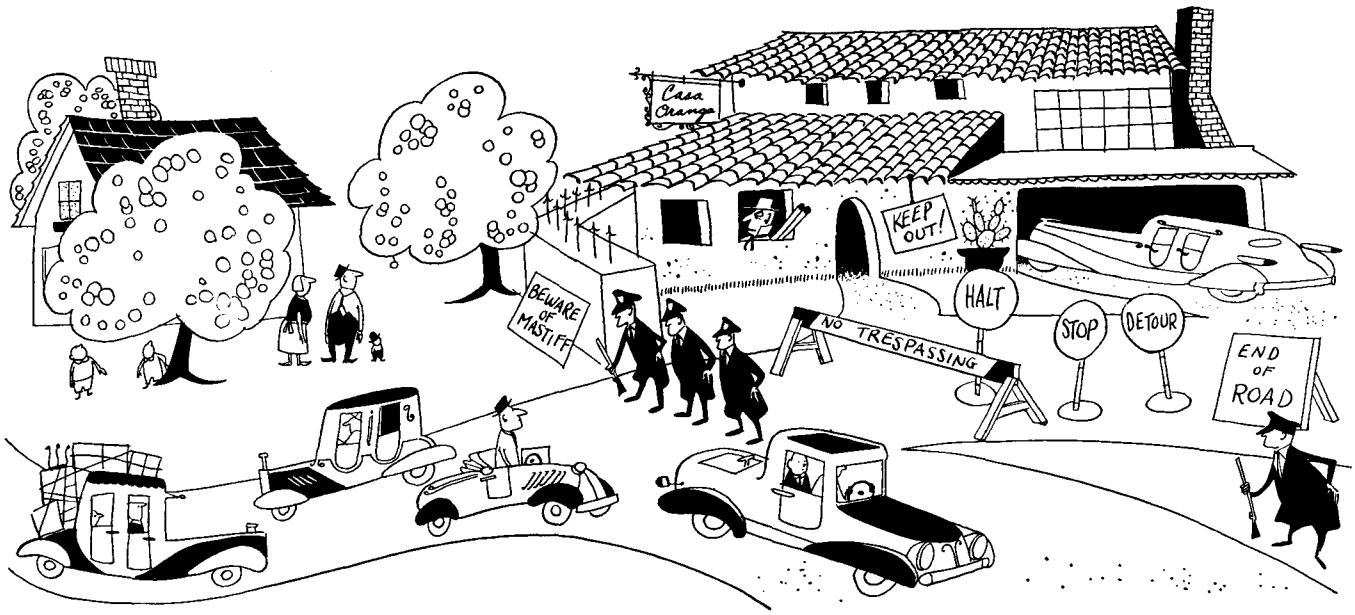
Canned concentrate is enough, quite obviously, to alter the position of every grower in the California citrus industry. But there was an equally important worm at work upon the grower society last winter, and that was internal immigration—the U. S. general public moving west, as always, for a little sun or a new start; immigrants in need of everything, but most of all, of living room. Currently, California is making room for about fifteen thousand new settlers a month.

As wildly as it has grown, Los Angeles has not been able to absorb all of the immigrants, so thousands have fanned out to the citrus towns around the city. Inevitably, these towns have in turn spread out into the orange preserves, as growers, unable to resist the offers of real-estate subdividers, have sold out to progress (five per cent of California's citrus land vanished in this fashion last year). Each such sale has taken a little from the growers' combined strength; made it inevitable that the towns should come to dominate the groves. Every day, as new subdivisions have sprouted among the orange trees, the belt has taken on more and more of the look of one big city. Hence the townsmen's unexpected challenge to the smudge pots.

Despite this threat of subdivision, however, it is the rise of canned concentrate that has stirred the growers to defensive action. Through Sunkist, they have begun drives to organize all of the state's citrus producers to meet outside competition. Sunkist's advertising department has gone to work to convince the American people that an orange without a skin isn't an orange, that only "unprocessed orange juice" contains all the vitamins, and so on. Sunkist's bosses, meanwhile, are planning to put a percentage of their own citrus production into frozen concentrate this year, while Sunkist researchers are finding new uses for citrus by-products (this department has helped work out over ninety separate uses for the lemon), and the Sunkist lobbyists are fighting unequal freight rates.

One thing Sunkist cannot do for the old-line gentleman grower, of course, and that is turn back time and tide. As the citrus towns spread in all directions, Los Angeles, already on its way to becoming the biggest city in the world, grows out to join them. One day, somewhere out in the largest imaginable grove of smudge pots, they will undoubtedly meet. When that happens, the standpat grower society will have to move farther and farther out toward the hills—or join the new society.

Sunkist, powerful as it is and will remain, will not be able to escape the choice. —RICHARD A. DONOVAN



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The second of two articles:

The Men Who Run Spain

Francisco Franco's father was an administrative officer in the Spanish Navy, and his son grew up with an ambition to become an officer of the line. The principal at the naval preparatory school of El Ferrol, Franco's birthplace, was a friend of his father's named Suances. In spite of all Suances could do to help, young Franco failed in his examinations and switched to the army, in which, as almost everybody knows, he had a successful career.

Suances's own son, Juan Antonio, who was Franco's boyhood friend, passed his examinations, became an engineer in the navy, left to work for a British firm, was fired, got a job with a German company, and left for a place in Franco's civil-war government; he is now Minister of Industry and Commerce, and, with the possible exception of Franco himself, the most hated man in Spain. Francisco Franco has consistently refused to fire Juan Antonio Suances, although Suances has been blamed for at least half the government's economic inefficiency and a like proportion of its graft. On weekends they often go shooting together.

Don Juan Antonio, like Don Francisco, is an amiable man. Americans in and out of Congress apparently find it difficult to associate incompetence and even less admirable characteristics with a pleasing personality; the fact that Franco can be charming, and possibly "lovable," has been mentioned as reason enough to give him financial aid. General Franco is inclined to be shy. He wears civilian clothes awkwardly and makes stiff, pompous gestures in public. In private, especially if he is dressed for hunting or yachting (he wistfully enjoys playing admiral), he feels more secure, and displays the Spaniard's grace in putting visitors at their ease. Anybody who has the luck to hunt with Franco and Suances—to see the dictator relaxed and his friend jovial and hearty, calling the generalissimo by his Christian diminutive, "Paco"—would find it hard to believe that these two had managed to get Spain into the mess it is in. Franco has done less harm through intolerance to his enemies than through excessive tolerance to his friends.

He must also be charged with a degree of conceit in supposing that his clumsy victory in the civil war qualified him to direct the economic destiny of an economically backward country. But when Franco set up his government in Burgos, the civil war was not yet won. Franco was preoccupied with winning it, civilian administrators were hard to come by, and it is to be supposed that he thought his old friend Suances would do as well as anybody else with the portfolio of Industry and

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Commerce. Suances held this office until August 13, 1939, when he left it to create an organization to remake the economic life of Spain.

In 1939, at the end of the civil war, Germany and Italy seemed about to have Europe in their grasp, and it was natural for Spain to follow their pattern of government control of the economy. But it took Suances until 1941 to get his new organization, the Instituto Nacional de Industria, going, and by that time Hitler had conquered France and was trying to put into effect a grandiose plan for a fascist Europe, in which Germany was to be the industrial center and Italy, France, and Spain an agricultural hinterland. Suances claims—and nobody can say it isn't true—that his plan, which called for the "total industrialization" of Spain, was a measure of self-protection against the Germans.

The regulations that now discourage American investment in Spain (foreign capital in any industry is limited to twenty-five per cent, foreign management prohibited altogether), and the system of permits and licenses that prevents any Spaniard from doing business without consulting the government, were all designed, according to Suances, to keep the Germans from getting control of Spanish industry. But if Hitler had managed to hold on to Europe, he would have had no more industrial competition from Spain than he would have had agricultural surplus.

The I.N.I. was empowered to intervene in three kinds of industries: those involving government interest, military or otherwise; those which would for a time at least have to operate at a loss; and new ones. An enthusiastic director could stretch these categories to include almost any business, and Juan Antonio Suances was, and is, an enthusiast. While Spain was making money from both sides during the war, he bought industrial machinery at high prices and planned beyond his capacity to continue. When the wartime influx of easy money stopped, he extended the government's control over exchange, sacrificed trade to keep rates high, and grabbed money wherever he could. And the more power I.N.I. took, the more its functionaries were tempted to graft.

Graft in public office is considered no more reprehensible in Spain than cheating a customs inspector; practically everybody who has some say in granting an import or export license, or a permit to get raw materials or put up a building, takes a small cut for his trouble. The officials of I.N.I., businessmen with no opportunity to profit legitimately from business, make their profit in other ways. Few people in Spain object to the practice. They do take exception to its extent.

The fact that a permit to import an American automobile is worth several thousand dollars is so well known as to be hardly worth repeating. A story circulated almost as widely last year about a Swiss who had some trouble over his watches. Since the import of Swiss watches is restricted, the customary procedure is to get a permit to import fifty or a hundred, then to bring in five thousand, paying for them with francs or dollars in the free port of Tangier, in Morocco. This Swiss had his license held up in the I.N.I. and, having duly paid the proper functionary, was granted an interview with Juan Antonio Suances.

The Minister listened patiently until the Swiss offered *him* a bribe. Then Suances lost his temper, called the police, and personally delivered several well-aimed kicks into the seat of the visitor's pants. Although Suances does nothing to eliminate corruption in his vast bureaucracy, he himself is incorruptible and lives on his salary of six hundred thousand pesetas a year. The only way Suances—or Franco—could get rid of corruption in the I.N.I. would be to get rid of the I.N.I.

A great many people have hoped that Franco would do this, and some of them may have suggested it to him. Suances's enemies include foreign businessmen, Spanish businessmen, fellow members of the government who fear his policies may bring it down, and everybody who feels the economic pinch, which is just about everybody in Spain. Those who know him find him personally agreeable—a short, solid, balding man with a jolly round face and a ready joke—a family man with no vices and few amusements, against whom nothing worse can be said than that he is driven by a fixed idea and has the mind of a naval functionary. But all of them would like to see him go, and they wonder at Franco's uncharacteristic loyalty. It is beginning to occur to Spaniards that it may not be simple loyalty that binds Franco to his old friend, but the fact that Franco has similar habits and the same limitations of mind.

Under the control of Suances (in addition to heading I.N.I., he became Minister of Industry and Commerce again in 1945), industrial production

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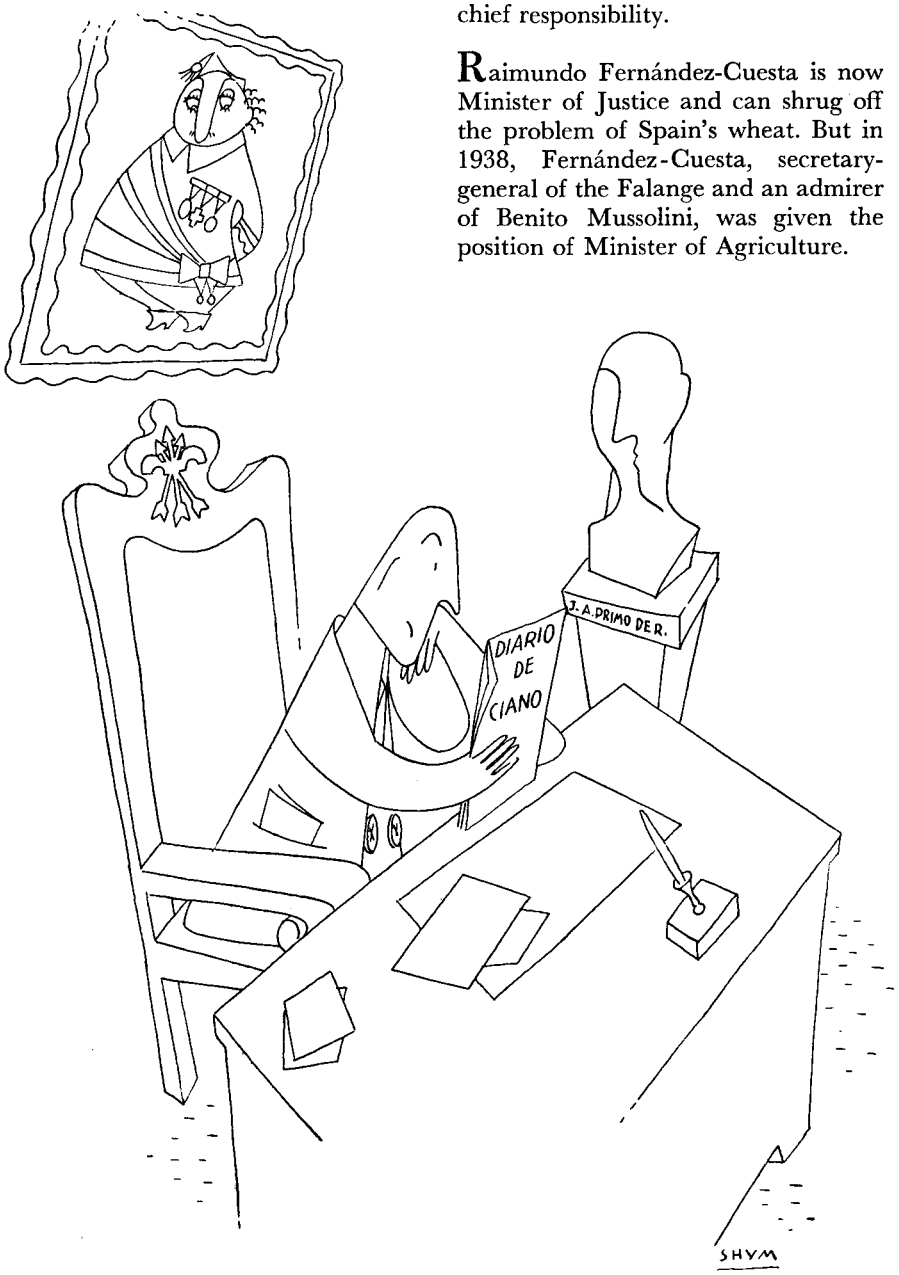
has risen by better than twenty-five per cent, thereby keeping a little ahead of the increase in population. Cement factories have been built, and out of the cement new barracks for the army, which has been the most conspicuous beneficiary of post-civil-war rebuilding. Fertilizer plants provide a little nourishment to the country's impoverished soil. The government has taken over shipping and shipbuilding, established airlines, and gone into chemicals, textiles, and mining. But shipping (1,119,000 tons in 1948) is less than it was before the civil war; steel production (seven hundred thousand tons annually) is about seven-twelfths of capacity; imports exceed exports in value; and hydroelectric development, I.N.I.'s most ambitious project, failed to keep Barcelona's textile factories running more than two days a week during last summer's drought. Yet in spite of graft and inefficiency, industrialization might have benefited the average Spaniard if it had not been outweighed by the decline in agricultural production. For this, another Franco protégé bears the chief responsibility.

Raimundo Fernández-Cuesta is now Minister of Justice and can shrug off the problem of Spain's wheat. But in 1938, Fernández-Cuesta, secretary-general of the Falange and an admirer of Benito Mussolini, was given the position of Minister of Agriculture.



Fernández-Cuesta 'saved the Ciano diaries for posterity'

He had been a notary and a small lawyer in Madrid, had become important by associating with José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the old dictator, whom he helped to found the Falange, later acting as his legal adviser during its struggles with the Republic. After the reactionary revolt of the army began in July, 1936, and José Antonio declared the Falange in on it, Fernández-Cuesta and a great many other Falangist leaders were arrested in connection with the murder of Calvo Sotelo, a monarchist leader in the Cortes. In August almost all the prisoners were executed, but Fernández-Cuesta was taken away alive. José Antonio died before a firing squad and became the fascist martyr. Fernández-Cuesta was exchanged in 1937 and became the martyr's political heir.

As Minister of Agriculture, he set himself to solve the problem of grain. Before the civil war Spain had raised enough wheat to feed the population and usually had a little surplus; it might have been presumed that when the fighting stopped the farmers would go back to raising plenty of wheat again. But Fernández-Cuesta knew that Mussolini had won Italy's battle of the grain by government control, and he set up an organization called the Servicio Nacional del Trigo. It was the régime's first effort at economic control, and it undertook to regulate the production, distribution, and price of wheat. Its control over production was slipshod, its methods of distribution faulty, and its prices low, so a great many farmers responded by not raising much wheat. Fernández-Cuesta was sent off as Ambassador to Brazil, but General Franco did not scrap the organization. The shortage which it created now appears to be practically perennial, and Spain has ever since had to import grain. Since the commercial and industrial policies of Suances have denied Spain foreign exchange earnings with which to pay for wheat, he and Fernández-Cuesta between them seem to have arranged for Spain's economic suicide.

During the war, Fernández-Cuesta went from Rio de Janeiro to Rome, saw the fall of original Fascism, and saved the Ciano diaries for posterity. In 1945, Franco had to put the Falange under cover, to impress the Allies, but he had to placate it too. This he did

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by making Fernández-Cuesta his Minister of Justice.

While fascism was considered international bad manners the Falange lost a good deal of its power. Its heavy arms were taken away; it was forbidden to demonstrate in public; it had no secretary-general in the Cabinet. Its moral leader was the chief of the Guardia de Franco, an old-timer named Luis Gonzales Vicent. In November, 1948, Vicent read a pronunciamento criticizing Franco for flirting with the Allies and the monarchy. The meeting got out of hand and the old guard made quite a scene in the streets. A few days later Franco reappointed Fernández-Cuesta as secretary-general. Since he was already in the Cabinet, the question of the secretary-general's Cabinet rank was neatly by-passed. In thus further appeasing the Falange while doing nothing to offend the Allies, Franco once more demonstrated that, whatever his intellectual shortcomings, he understands politics on the operational level.

Fernández-Cuesta has served Franco well by keeping the Falange in order. Like Juan Antonio Suances, he would not be likely to survive a liberalization of the régime, if economic pressure ever forced Franco into that move. A man who might survive the fall of Franco is another old Falangist, his Minister of Labor, José Antonio Girón de Velasco. Franco keeps Girón in his Cabinet because he would be a dangerous man to fire. Girón was one of the two men responsible for ending the career of Ramón Serrano Suñer. If that incident was characteristic, he is capable of a most refined duplicity.

Serrano Suñer, Franco's brother-in-law, was dismissed as Foreign Minister and secretary-general of the Falange because of a bomb tossed at the Minister of War, General Varela, near Bilbao in 1942. The men who planned the incident were José Antonio Girón and José Luis Arrese, both old-time Falangists who resented Serrano Suñer's upstart drive to power. They then urged Serrano Suñer to defend the men arrested, and when one of them was sentenced to death they persuaded him to protest to Franco. With the army demanding vengeance against the Falange, Franco had to supply a victim, and his brother-in-law's protest snapped his patience. Neither Girón nor Arrese, whose roles were well concealed, lost anything by the incident. Arrese became head of the Falange for a while and Girón kept on in the Ministry of Labor, where he has now presided for nine years.

Unlike most of his colleagues, Girón came to the Falange via the syndicalist movement. Though he is an intelligent and cultivated graduate of the University of Madrid, he looks and acts like a *pistolero*. He was one of the strong-arm men of the early Falange, boss of the party in Valladolid, and at the outbreak of the civil war he led his street fighters up into the Guadarramas and held the Republicans until Franco could arrive from the south. For this he got the Military Medal for Valor, and after the war, in which he fought with the Falange, Franco made him Chief of Veterans. In 1941 he moved him to the Ministry of Labor. Girón was then barely thirty.

Girón has been shrewd and sure-fingered in reaching to grasp more power. At first he never questioned Franco's orders. Franco wanted to freeze wages to avoid inflation; Girón froze them. But by 1943 he had talked Franco into raising them. He is responsible for the extensive social services of the syndicates, which are paid for by employers. Spanish workmen have no right to strike, but neither have the employers the right to fire without taking the case to the government. The Spanish worker's lot would be very good indeed, except that he has no independence and does not get paid enough to eat enough. In the Barce-

Girón alleviated 'the workingman's discontent while Franco . . . slowly starved him'

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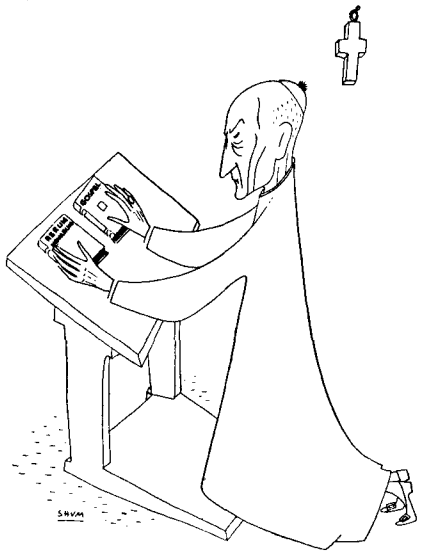
lona area, where wages are highest, a thousand pesetas a month is good pay. A thousand pesetas will buy twenty to thirty dollars' worth of food and shelter.

Nevertheless, Girón has attracted a labor following. He is disliked by his Cabinet colleagues because he wears his collar open at the neck and hates the bourgeoisie. This dark, burly man looks like the best friend the workers have in the Spain of Francisco Franco. His ambition is to found a party of his own, a "Falange Workers' Party"; since he keeps thousands of Falangists in his debt by giving them administrative jobs in the syndicates, it may be that he will succeed if the ban against political parties is ever lifted. He has tried to form an alliance with the left wing of Acción Católica, itself a party in all but name, and has made several trips to see the spiritual leader of this wing of the Church, Bishop Herrera of Málaga. But Bishop Herrera has drawn a clear line between the social policies of the Church and those of the régime. The two men might find themselves allies in the future, but hardly during the political lifetime of General Franco.

José Antonio Girón has made his contribution to Spain's disaster by alleviating the workingman's discontent while Franco, Suances, and Fernández-Cuesta slowly starved him. But he is not so desperately committed to the régime as the others. He is the type of demagogue who could prosper under fascism, Communism, or democracy. Not long ago he was lustily cheered on a tour of once-Red Asturias. He is smart, ambitious, and young. He is one of the two very powerful men in Spain who seem to be looking beyond the régime's demise. The other is the Bishop of Málaga.

Dissent from Málaga

Angel Herrera Odría, the Bishop of Málaga, is a gaunt man, with a lean, bony, homely face that might remind an American of General Omar N. Bradley's. His eyes are blue—fearless, and full of compassion. Bishop Herrera is a compassionate man, an ambitious man, and an extraordinary one. He was nearly fifty when he became a priest; he has been a bishop for only



Bishop Herrera

three years; but it is taken for granted in Spain that the next Consistory will make him a Cardinal. He would then take his place beside Cardinals Segura and Pla y Daniel, neither of whom he resembles, and the three tendencies in the Spanish Church would all be represented by red hats.

All three tendencies would indeed be remarkably well represented. Pedro Cardinal Segura of Seville, in backward, superstitious Andalucía, is a man of the past and of the Right, a royalist of royalists who despised the Republic, scorns Franco, and would like to abolish all Protestant chapels. Enrique Pla y Daniel, the portly Cardinal Primate of Spain and Bishop of Toledo, is a man of his time, Franco's cardinal. The right wing of the Church finds him a shade too worldly; the left wing finds him too complacent. Angel Herrera's diocese is on the Mediterranean, but although Málaga is a southern city, its political tendencies are those of the east coast, whose people have in the past eagerly embraced almost every left-wing theory, including the peculiar Spanish brand of anarchism. Málaga's churches were burned in the civil war, and when Bishop Herrera took his diocese in 1947, after a long convalescence from a leg infection caused by his penitential habit of kneeling in the streets, the city had the lowest percentage of practicing Catholics (forty) in Spain. This figure has risen considerably, and Bishop Herrera expects it to rise much more. He believes in social justice as an antidote to Communism and for its own sake, and has made this unusual statement:

"Communism is not wrong. *We* are wrong not to do what Communism promises."

The principles and practices of Bishop Herrera would appear to have the special blessing of the Vatican; they are based on the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII, Pius XI, and Pius XII. In the field of temporal politics, the Bishop of Málaga's influence is strong, and it is through him that the Vatican can exert pressure for a change of régime in Spain, if that is what the Vatican wants. The Vatican has been cautious about indicating that it may disapprove of Franco. Under the Republic, the Church in Spain lost property, power, and prestige, some of which Franco has restored. But much of the property has not been given back, and the Church has little to gain from a continuation of Franco's rule. The Vatican and Franco have made a series of agreements, usually after long negotiation, such as the elaborate procedure by which the Pope and the Head of the State settle on the appointment of bishops. Franco would doubtlessly like to have a concordat with the Vatican, as Mussolini did, but he has given the Vatican good reason to be cautious by declaring Spain a monarchy and then failing to produce a monarch. The Vatican is partial to permanence when a situation is to its liking, and it seems to consider General Franco even more temporary than most temporal rulers.

Bishop Herrera's relations with the government have been consistently remote. Girón has run after his approval. But while the bishop is probably sympathetic toward some of Girón's more social-minded policies, and while the Minister frequently goes to him for spiritual comfort, he persuaded the Council of Bishops last year to state officially that the social policies of the Church are not those of the government.

It is doubtful whether many of General Franco's American Catholic apologists know much more about Angel Herrera than his name. He was unheard-of during the civil war, and he was an aging priest in a working-class slum when he was made a bishop. He had grown up in Santander, in northern Spain, the tenth child in a family

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of thirteen that included four Jesuits. After graduating from the University of Salamanca in 1906, he practiced law in Madrid. The anti-clerical policies of the then Liberal Government turned Angel Herrera into a Catholic propagandist. In 1911 he was made director of the daily *El Debate,* which he soon developed into the strongest Catholic newspaper in the country. One of his assistant editors was José María Gil Robles.

During the Republic Gil Robles emerged as the brilliant and—for a while—successful leader of the right-wing bloc of parties, C.E.D.A. Herrera was the leader of Acción Católica, the Catholic organization that is always in politics but never calls itself a party. Herrera was a monarchist who, at that time, had no great reputation as an advocate of social reform. He disapproved of Gil Robles's collaboration with the Republicans, and in the break-up of the Right toward the end of the Republic he quit politics altogether. His search for a new way of life took him to Fribourg, Switzerland, where he studied for the priesthood. He returned to Spain as assistant pastor in the poverty-ridden Maliano section of Santander.

What went on in Angel Herrera's political mind during his first decade of priesthood is unknown. He had nothing to do with politics. If his social views were unsympathetic to the government, the Head of the State doubtless did not know about it. Franco included his name on a list of six sent to the Pope. The Pope sent back three names, of which Herrera's was one. Franco crossed off the other two, and thus, by the awkward method of the agreement, the Pope made Angel Herrera a bishop.

He looked the part, and quickly began to act it. His movements, his speech, his gestures were those of one who had been a priest for four decades. His intelligence, trained in the law and philosophy, sharpened by journalism and politics, deepened by thought and hardship, soon made him a leader in the Church. Against the authoritarianism of Cardinal Segura and the complacency of the Cardinal Primate, a younger, more vigorous Catholicism had been trying to grow in Spain, but it needed a voice and a leader. It appeared mostly in old Republican territory—the eastern seaboard where the leftists burned the churches and held off Franco for three years. To bring this Spain back to the Church, its leaders need a social program. Bishop Herrera has one, and among his allies he now counts the Archbishop of Valencia and the Bishops of Granada and Mallorca.

His most startling innovation—for Spain—has been his social school for priests, in which, this June, fourteen students from seven provinces have finished their third year. Its teaching staff is composed of priests who have come from other professions. Its curriculum is based on the social encyclicals; its textbooks include the writings of Marx and his disciples; and its library is the only place in Spain where you can find a Communist publication.

Bishop Herrera sends his students out to factories to discuss Communism and other problems with workers. He is trying to finance the building of model villages, where workmen can live decently, near industrial plants. His priests, at his orders, have advocated better conditions for the peasants and peasant participation in ownership of land. When the landowners objected, the bishop called them together and asked: "Would you rather give a little now and have the people work harder for you, or would you rather give up later and be hanged from a lamppost?"

In Spain, where the government has a hand in everything, and every social activity is therefore political, Bishop Herrera could not escape being a political influence if he wanted to. There are no indications that he shirks this part of his duty. He got a good deal of opposition from within the Church, and some dark looks from the government, when he started his social school. He also got a letter from the Pope to the Council of Bishops, praising it.

It cannot be said that liberalism dominates the Spanish Church, but it is growing in prestige and power. Málaga is becoming a popular place of retreat for churchmen, taking some of the glory from Seville. As one Catholic put it, "Lots of the clergy are going to Málaga because, in this superstitious country, it seems to them that God now likes it better in Málaga than in Seville." And Málaga has become a strong point of Acción Católica.

It is through Catholic Action that Bishop Herrera makes his influence felt in politics. When he resigned as director of *El Debate* before the civil war, his place was taken by a teacher of journalism named Francisco de Luis, now chairman of the board of directors of *Editorial Católica,* which publishes the Madrid daily *Ya* (the nearest thing to the spiritual heir of the old *Debate*); seventeen provincial newspapers, and several weekly and monthly publications, ranging from the women's *El Hogar* to the bullfight-sports-entertainment weekly *Dígame.* De Luis, who thus controls the largest section of the Spanish press, is at the center of Catholic Action's financial and political activity. He can be considered the secular arm of the movement of which Herrera is the spiritual head.

It is a movement that, in politics, does not so much express itself as wait for time to give it expression. The Catholic Action press dutifully follows government directives, as it must do to survive, but it is several cuts above the Falangist press; its reports of the Caudillo's movements, for instance, are seldom written with polysyllabic awe. De Luis has been careful to avoid any public manifestation of personal support for the Franco régime.

But de Luis is not a man of violent action, and the opposition that the Franco régime has created for itself is only in the process of coalescing. If de Luis thinks of himself as a future Bidault or de Gasperi—and many people believe he does—he is patient enough to wait for Franco to finish preparing the soil in which such a man could flourish.

The Church, the army, the Falange, and the monarchists all helped Franco to power. Since his rule began he has balanced these forces against one another, but he has never brought them into harmony, even within themselves. Spain's is perhaps unique among totalitarian governments in that the same political forces exist in the institutions it tolerates as existed in the democracy it overthrew. As economic conditions worsen, the forces antagonistic to Franco tend to gain strength and to attract one another. It would be strange if, at some unpredictable time, the limit of tolerance were not reached.

—Charles Wertenbaker

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Far East

Balancing Act in Malaya

Malaya, a tail of land the area of New York State, stretching from the rump of East Asia almost to the equator, is the only important British colony left in Asia. With their usual keen eye for real estate, the British moved in during the eighteenth century. By 1939 they had turned the small jungle island of Singapore into one of the world's great ports, and had converted the humid Malayan hinterland into the world's largest producer of tin and rubber. Today Malaya has regained much of its economic and military importance, but both of these are seriously threatened by a few thousand Communist guerrillas who have been defying the British for two years.

When the Second World War began, Britain directly controlled only the peninsula's three main ports: Singapore, Penang, and Malacca. The rest of Malaya was under so-called "indirect rule." Nine Malay sultans nominally governed their respective territories; actually they did whatever the British suggested. Unlike the Philippines, where self-government was already under way and full independence had been promised for 1946, Malaya had seen no move even toward eventual self-rule. In December, 1941, Japan pounced on the Philippines and Malaya. The Filipinos fought gallantly for months; the Malayans fought scarcely at all.

After the war, Britain began to take a more lively interest in self-rule for Malaya. In 1948, Malacca and Penang were merged with the nine sultanates into the Federation of Malaya, under a British High Commissioner but with a Federal Legislative Council of seventy-five members, nearly all non-British. The councilors are not elected by popular vote (they represent various groups such as education, mining, planting, labor, and business), and of course the council does not have the powers of the British Parliament or the U.S. Congress. But it represents an important step toward self-rule, and the British say other steps will follow. Singapore has not been merged with the Federation. It has a British governor and a legislative council of twenty-two members—nine appointed by the governor, three chosen by Chambers of Commerce, four ex-officio, and six elected by popular ballot. Until the British see how the Federation fares, they are not going to entrust it with the most valuable city for fifteen hundred miles in any direction. But the British agree that before long Singapore must be merged with Malaya.

In Malaya the issues of western imperialism versus Asian nationalism versus Communist imperialism are unusually complex. The country has two almost equal racial groups—the Malays and the Chinese. Almost all of the four or five thousand active Communist guerrillas are Chinese.

The chief reason that Malaya will remain a colony for years is that its Malays and Chinese dislike, distrust—even fear—each other. I have talked to the leaders of every local group in Malaya. Except for the few Communists, all want the British to remain as referees for a transitional period.

Malaya's racial difficulties date from the period 1880-1935, when the British brought in nearly two million Chinese, along with some six hundred thousand laborers from India and Ceylon, to work Malaya's tin mines and rubber plantations.

In the 1947 census, there were 2,403,000 Malays and 1,883,000 Chinese in the Federation. In Singapore there were 729,000 Chinese and only 117,-

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000 Malays. Thus the Chinese already outnumber the Malays.

The British, as referees, have balanced the two races in a compromise which Tan Cheng Lock, head of the Malayan Chinese Association, calls "perfidious Albion's old 'divide and rule.'" The shrewd-trading Chinese have substantial economic control of the country, but the British have given the Malays greater political and administrative power. Only a small fraction of the Chinese now qualify for citizenship under the Federation's 1948 constitution—and the Malays have the right to block any constitutional change. Citizenship is somewhat easier to obtain in three-fourths-Chinese Singapore. But even there Chinese voters are so few that they voted in only two of the six elective members on the city's legislative council.

The British say the Chinese will get more privileges when they show they are loyal to Malaya. Ninety-five per cent of the Communist guerrillas now fighting in Malaya are Chinese. Some other Chinese—partly under guerrilla pressure — support them, including even businessmen who don't want to lose their connections with their communized native land, and who do want to protect their families in Malaya. So far, more than two-thirds of the guerrillas' victims have been their fellow Chinese.

Half a million of Malaya's people are squatters, who, during the Japanese occupation, went out into the country where they could grow some of their own food. Before the war Malaya had to import two-thirds of its rice. From 1936 to 1940 it consumed an average of 930,086 tons. In 1945 it had only 361,478 tons to consume. Thanks to the squatters and other farmers, Malaya now grows more rice than it ever has, but its output still amounts to only forty per cent of its needs, which have increased with the population.

So the half-million squatters, of whom ninety per cent are Chinese, are still living where they can be sure of some rice. The guerrillas rely on them for both food and hideouts, since their shacks are on the edges of towns and plantations, and in the jungle. Military patrols who question squatters after raids usually meet scared negation:

"Which way did the guerrillas come?"

"We did not see."

"Where did they go?"

"We do not know."

"How many were there?"

"We did not count."

"The guerrillas threaten that if we inform against them they will return and kill us," a squatter said to me. "Would you tell the police something to kill you and your family?"

This situation has, of course, further prejudiced the case for granting citizenship to the Chinese. The authorities have issued a decree that to give guerrillas even a handful of rice or to withhold any information about them is ground for deportation. Over eight thousand people—mostly squatters—have been deported to China for such activities.

The British are frank in facing the paradox of their recognizing Communist China and at the same time sternly campaigning against Chinese Communist guerrillas in Malaya. In a broadcast last January 6, Malcolm MacDonald, Great Britain's energetic Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia, said: "Recognition in China of the Communist Ministers who are representatives of the Chinese people does not involve any slackening of hostility here to the Communist terrorists who are enemies of the Malayan peoples."

The tactics of Malaya's Communists differ from those elsewhere in Asia. They have no publicized leaders such as Luis Taruc in the Philippines or Ho Chi-minh in Indo-China. The guerrillas are actually uniformed and wear

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the three-starred cap of the M.P.A.J.A. (Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army), which was the Communist-led resistance against the Japanese during the war. Unlike the Communists of Burma and Indonesia, they have proclaimed no régime to rival the established government, and have not even set up a radio station. The aid they get from outside Communists, by sea or smuggled over the border from Thailand, is only a trickle. But by using a relatively few guerrillas so inexpensively, Moscow has forced the West—here as elsewhere—to make far greater efforts. The British have 16,000 regular troops in Malaya.

The white man's part of Singapore is spacious, with its racecourses, its cricket lawns, its clubs which bar Asians even as guests, and its big, beautifully gardened mansions. Most of the prewar luxury is back for the British *tuans ketchil* (little big shots) and *tuans besar* (extra big shots). Only seven thousand British live in Singapore.

The future of tin and rubber, Malaya's two great exports, is one of their major problems. The known high-grade tin reserves are enough for only ten years' mining. There may be more deposits back in the jungle, but the guerrillas are holding up the country's first thorough geological survey. Rubber needs no reserves; new trees can always be planted and tapped. But the synthetic product may drive the natural one out of business.

"We'll certainly beat the guerrillas and we'll probably solve the question of Malay-Chinese co-operation," a high British official said to me. "Then synthetic rubber may beat us."

More than a third of Malaya's three million workers depend directly or indirectly on rubber. If the industry collapses, Malaya might collapse with it. Britain has nearly a billion-dollar investment in Malaya. The six million people in the Federation and Singapore do twice as much foreign trade as neighboring Indonesia's seventy million. In 1948 their exports earned $365,709,000—more than the dollar exports of any other part of the British Commonwealth, including Britain itself. Almost all the profits on this vast trade went to the dollar-short British Isles.

Efforts are under way to develop possible substitute crops. Pineapples and hemp, which commercially have been virtual monopolies of Hawaii and the Philippines respectively, both grow well in Malaya. Great tracts now in rubber might be planted to quick-growing tropical trees that become more than a foot thick in five years. Though useless as lumber, they would yield wood pulp, newsprint, and cellulose. But no crop remotely equal to rubber in dollar export value has been found.

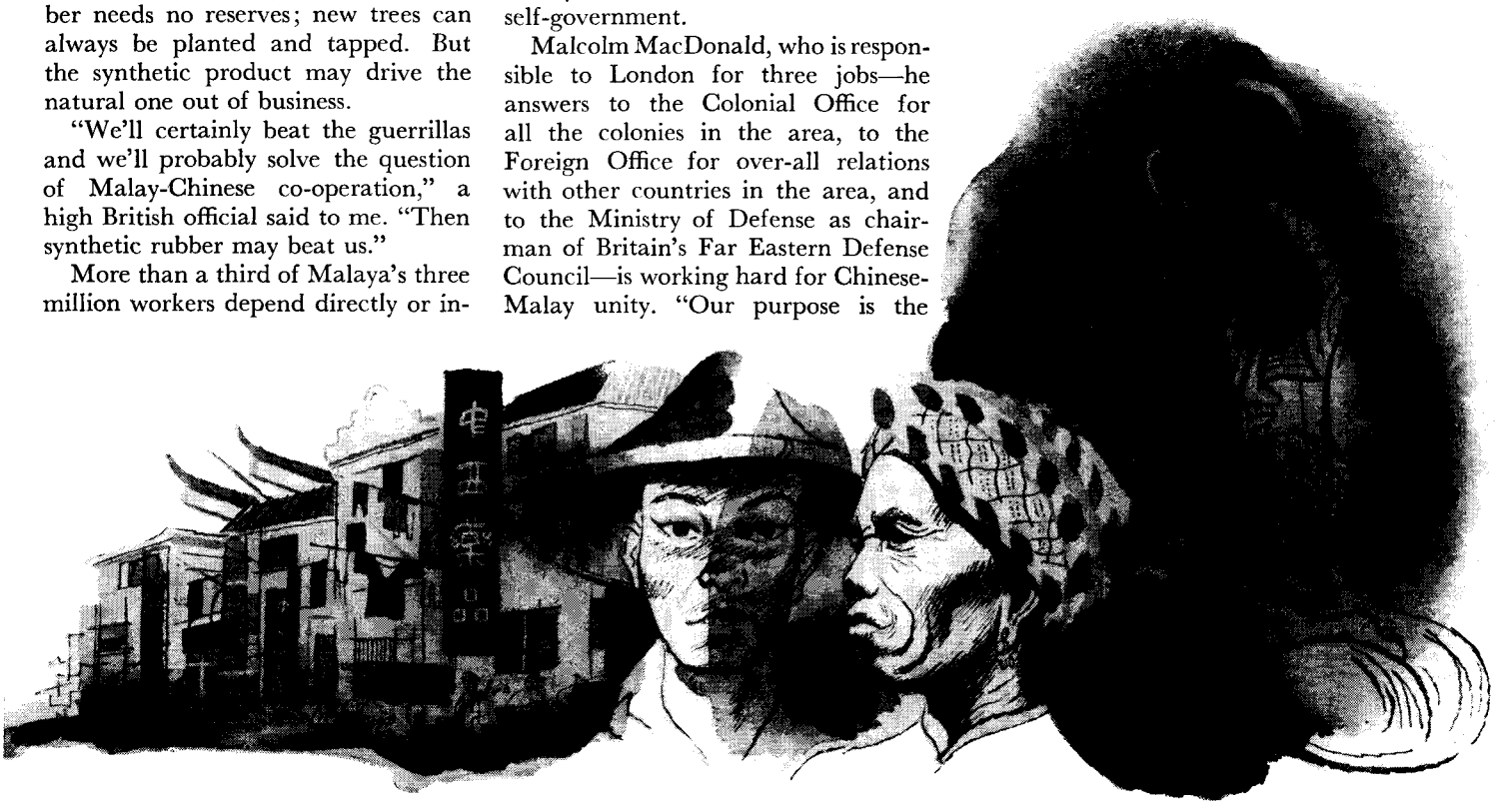
If these economic troubles are not solved, the Communist threat will undoubtedly grow stronger. But every problem in Malaya leads back to the root problem of its races. Unless they learn to co-operate it is hard to see how Malaya can ever have fair or effective self-government.

Malcolm MacDonald, who is responsible to London for three jobs—he answers to the Colonial Office for all the colonies in the area, to the Foreign Office for over-all relations with other countries in the area, and to the Ministry of Defense as chairman of Britain's Far Eastern Defense Council—is working hard for Chinese-Malay unity. "Our purpose is the very opposite of divide and rule," he told me. "It is to unite and gradually transfer rule."

In January, 1949, MacDonald organized an informal but influential Communities Liaison Committee "to put community of interests ahead of interests in communities." It includes six Malays, six Chinese, and one man each from the Indian, Ceylonese, Eurasian, and European minorities. It was the first time in Malaya's history that the leaders of its racial groups had worked closely together. Both Malays and Chinese were skittish at first, but the round-table talks are now beginning to move toward the necessary mutual concessions.

Recently the liaison committee recommended that English and Malay be spoken in all government-aided schools (i.e., that the Chinese not be taught in Chinese), that many more Chinese be given citizenship, and that all groups participate in a belated drive to make everyone "Malayan-minded."

By far the most influential Malay leader is Dato Onn bin Jaafar, head of U.M.N.O., the United Malay National Organization, a spruce, bespectacled gentleman who has a deep scar on his left forehead and a quick brain behind it. He led the postwar Malay



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demand for limitation of the Chinese right to Malayan citizenship. Last August he publicly reversed himself, influenced by the round-table talks and by the threat of Malaya's becoming a Communist satellite. He is now stumping Malaya to campaign for enlarged citizenship, early popular elections, and other constitutional changes hitherto opposed by the Malays.

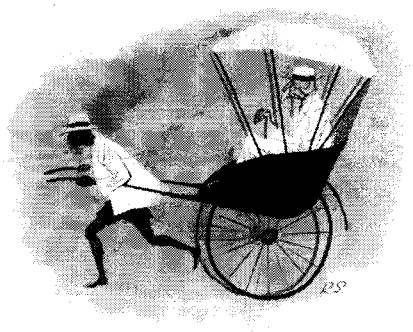
Dato Onn still believes that only about half the Chinese should be eligible to vote in a united Malaya (the Federation plus Singapore) until the present generation of children grows up—an arrangement that would give the Malays a big voting majority for some twenty years. He says, "The Chinese must share their economic power if we are willing to share our political power."

It will also take some twenty years for the Malays to learn much about economic power. The Chinese, after all, cannot and will not hand over their skills on a platter. Chinese banker Khoo Teik Ee, a member of the liaison committee, praised Dato Onn's program but warned, "You can't legislate economic experience."

The Chinese committee members have promised cash from their community for Malay technical and business training. There will be much more farm and co-operative work of the type I saw at a Malay store and smokehouse at Meru. In some lines of business, such as rice milling, new Malay firms will get special government help. In many others, joint Chinese-Malay companies will be started.

But it will take a long time to reach the utopia proposed by C. C. Tan, another Chinese member of the liaison committee: "We need politico-economic partnership in which the Chinese don't cheat the Malays, and the Malays do their share of work."

—SAMUEL G. WELLES



Views & Reviews

Harlots of Fleet Street

In a characteristically unguarded moment, Aneurin Bevan, Britain's Minister of Health and the Labour Party's official *enfant terrible,* once told reporters that "the British press is the most prostituted in the world." When asked recently whether he still stood by his earlier verdict, Mr. Bevan was more restrained: "I am waiting for the events to keep on accumulating and until the evidence is not only in one direction." He added, however: "The British press has been distorted and diverted to a large extent from its proper function of providing people with news to providing them with tendentious news."

With that modified verdict it is easy to agree: but it must be added that the British press has committed the less forgivable sin of letting even slanted news be pushed into the background by a flood of material whose only value is that of rather doubtful entertainment.

At first glance it appears that of all British institutions the press alone seems to have remained a permanent war casualty. Whatever vitality it has preserved seems to go into partisan irresponsibility and mischief. The truth of the matter, however, is much worse: The decline of the British press was well under way in the 1930's, with the rapid expansion of the "popular" dailies and the giant newspaper chains. The war has simply speeded up this process of deterioration, which is hardly surprising, for wars, while giving new strength and vitality to firm and valid institutions, naturally hasten the decay of rotten ones.

The foreign visitor to Britain, particularly one who has long been accustomed to evaluate the British press on the strength of its best exemplars, today may be hit in much the same way as a man who finds that a woman he has loved and idealized has turned thoroughly bad and babblingly mean. It helps very little to tell him that his true love was a trollop all along, and that what he had mistaken for devotion to good conduct and high principle was just a bit of respectable finery picked up in an Oxford Street shop. If, in addition, he feels that Britain is the most vital stronghold of true democracy and sanity in the West, the visitor cannot help being alarmed at the state of its popular press.

Some Americans might be tempted simply to shrug and declare that nothing better could be expected in a Socialist country. The trouble with this explanation is that the overwhelming majority of British papers are anti-Socialist, anti-Labour, and even anti-welfare state.

The most frequently cited British excuse for the current sickness of the press is the paper shortage. At present, though, publishers can no longer honestly hide behind this government restriction. In 1946 and 1947 their editorials roared almost daily that the government was withholding newsprint in order to stifle the freedom of the press and the voice of the Opposition. But today, although there is enough paper for most journals to add to their pages, the cry for expansion is no longer heard. The truth is that publishing a thin paper, with today's unprecedented volume of circulation, has come to be a highly profitable and relatively effortless operation.

The smoke-screen excuse of limited space is further pierced by an intruder from America: The European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune,* despite its few pages, has long been cited with envy and admiration by those British newspapermen who are interested in good journalism. On home ground, too, there are a few shining exceptions, notably the *Manchester Guardian,* the *Observer,* and, in its dull but honorable way, the *Times.* Together with some gallant provincial

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papers, led by the *Yorkshire Post,* these journals have upheld the best of British traditions, and they are emphatically excluded from the criticisms of this review. The Liberal *News Chronicle* can also be omitted, for if it is not exemplary, it is not offensive.

The fact, however, is that the total circulation of the few good dailies is considerably less than a million. The morning and afternoon "populars" together sell more than eighteen million copies. On Sunday, when people presumably have more time to absorb news and information, the odds are even more desperately stacked against an informed public: With less than four hundred thousand copies, the *Observer* is up against a combined total of almost thirty million among the assorted "populars." These staggering figures reveal that the world's politically most sophisticated nation is sadly lacking in discrimination.

The British popular press revealed some of its worst shortcomings before the February election this year. For about three weeks prior to polling day, the populars quite literally suspended all normal reporting functions, while their remaining traces of journalistic conscience went down the drain of total partisanship. Instead of news coverage, there was effective drowning of the news in propaganda, and the over-all performance was equally miserable on both sides.

Perhaps the most appalling demonstration of newspaper irresponsibility came on February 19, the last Sunday before the election. On the evening of February 18, Prime Minister Attlee had wound up the Labour campaign with his final national broadcast. In addition to being a political speech it was a carefully prepared summing up of Britain's position after five years of Labour rule, a cross between a fireside chat and a State of the Nation address. By any standard of journalism the Prime Minister's speech was without doubt the most important news of February 18. Winston Churchill had, on that day, addressed only his local constituents in Essex, for the most part repeating his remarks concerning a new approach to Russia, which had been news four days earlier after his Edinburgh declaration on a possible top-level meeting with Stalin, but were hardly news at that point.

Considering these basic facts, the London editors' judgment of what was news on February 19 was, to say the least, questionable. The giant *News of the World* (circulation 8,382,356), the Kemsley chain's *Sunday Times* (circulation 533,133, and in no way related to the *Times*) and *Sunday Chronicle* (1,198,797), and Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express* (2,716,095) unanimously elevated the local Churchill speech to top position. The *Sunday Graphic* (1,234,314), a Kemsley tabloid, managed to leave both Attlee and Churchill off its front page, substituting a full-page picture of Tory campaigner Dr. Charles Hill and a TORY WIN FORECAST headline. Inside the paper, along with the usual quota of crime and violence, Churchill's "message to the nation" was the lead story, and the editorial, entitled OUR DUTY TO THE WORLD, was headed by a picture of Churchill and Stalin smiling peacefully at each other.

Kemsley's *Sunday Empire News* (2,144,357) managed to get Attlee into the headline (ATTLEE WILLING FOR TALKS) but confined the story pretty much to the Prime Minister's remarks on the Churchill proposal. The second lead hinted darkly that, while there was quite a lot of beef in the country at the moment, there would be a "new meat crisis" later this year. Women were told that their chances of getting nylons were diminishing.

Lord Rothermere's *Sunday Dispatch* (2,187,303), the weekend brother of the *Daily Mail,* ignored both party leaders' speeches as such, headlining its leading "report" WHY LABOUR IS NERVOUS. Its "coverage" of the Prime Minister's address was confined to a brief item, entitled ATTLEE ATTACKS RADIO DOCTOR. Attlee had indeed referred in passing to a "politician," without mentioning his name, who had opposed the National Health Service.

Labourite papers turned out exactly the same kind of partisan coverage. The *Sunday Pictorial* (circulation 4,734,785)—a tabloid operating on the profitable formula of a page of sex to a column of politics—gave itself completely to Attlee and his party, announcing THE GREATEST SPEECH OF ALL, and among the remaining pages of crime and cheesecake found room only for about four paragraphs on the Conservative and Liberal Parties. *Reynolds News* (731,633) led off with LABOUR IS SET FOR VICTORY, and also created the impression that the other two were insignificant splinter parties, hardly worthy of left-wing newsprint. Nor was the paper-shortage excuse borne out. There was room for such significant lead stories as THESE DEAD END KIDS OF THE DARK ALLEYS (*News of the World*), DAWN QUIZ BY POLICE IN DANCE HALL CASE (*Sunday Dispatch*), OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS ABOUT WIVES WRECK MARRIAGES (*Sunday Pictorial*), and GUN IN RIBS AS HE OPENED

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DOOR (*Reynolds News*). The *Sunday Express* found an entire page for ROMMEL: WAR ACCORDING TO THE RULES, a serialization of a book glorifying the Nazi general. Practically all of the front pages of these journals informed readers that Aly Khan had broken his leg while skiing.

If further proof was needed that even a thin paper could be a responsible one, it was furnished by the pro-Conservative *Observer* (circulation 387,855), which led off with Attlee, giving Churchill an adequate second place. It had an excellent "Election Diary" and an editorial reviewing the campaign. There was desperate urgency in its opinion that somebody had to remain "freed from irrelevancies and distortions, so that readers, as responsible citizens, can make a clear-sighted choice." There was room, too, for front-page items from nine foreign countries. Aly Khan managed to break his leg quite adequately in a three-line message from Reuters.

The gigantic circulation figures of the popular press in Britain are in part the result of the rapid growth of *technical* literacy and the fact that this development has not been accompanied by a parallel growth in *selective* powers. As a pioneer in the industrial revolution, Britain was among the first countries to give its masses such elementary education as was needed for effective industrial employment. In contrast to the American approach, which opened the far broader opportunities of free secondary education to the people, the British mass-schooling movement prior to the late 1930's aimed only at the essentials — reading and writing — rather than at the principle of equal educational opportunity for all classes.

The immediate result of this historical trend is the creation of a vast, paper-hungry mass audience, which buys up all the reading matter it can afford, provided that it appeals to the inadequately schooled minds of the readers. This alone explains the fact that the same masses who twice in succession have voted Labour into power continue daily to pick up newspapers that viciously, and for the most part irresponsibly, attack the reader's own politics—as long as they provide a maximum of entertainment and primitive sex-and-sensation appeal. This fact also explains why the Labour press—despite its socialist-intellectual tinge—follows exactly the same pattern. Added to this is the economic fact that British publishing permits profitable operation at the ridiculously low retail price of one penny (or about 1¼ cents) a paper.

This situation permits the newspaper giants in Britain to go the limit without any trace of inhibitions. Lord Rothermere's publications thus can combine ultra-rightism (which, in prewar days, led them uncomfortably close to the German and Italian *Weltanschauung*), ultra-patriotism, anti-Americanism, anti-Communism, isolationism, pro-American laissez faire, and Empire "internationalism" without apparent editorial and moral indigestion. It permits Kemsley to enter the very lowbrow tabloid field and the genteel upper-class Sunday market at the same time, and it explains the phenomenon of a top-notch chain correspondent in continental Europe who, getting up from a brilliant explanation of an intricate political situation, took the phone and dictated an inaccurate, entertaining, and irrelevant report to his home office. It enables Lord Beaverbrook, in a signed pre-election article on WHAT STALIN THINKS OF CHURCHILL, to put forth the dangerous view that a friendly chat between the two leaders could settle all East-West differences and to launch, a few weeks later, a sensational attack in the *Evening Standard* on the alleged pro-Sovietism of Secretary of State for War John Strachey, with the obvious intention of creating a Cabinet crisis. In a sense, both "policies" were good entertainment and good business, as was the featuring of David Low's brilliant pro-Labour cartoons in a Beaverbrook paper until a recent parting of the ways.

It is true that vast chain empires, which transform journalism from a profession into a manufacturing process, exist in America too, but, except in a few areas, they have not reached the proportionate size and influence of their British counterparts.

The British press has been moving rapidly into the continental stream of airtight party journalism. As the factions harden in their molds, they become more and more irreconcilable, each living in an isolation filled only with the echo of its own political voice. The ultimate evil of such a press, indicated by the warning report of last year's Royal Commission and ominously foreshadowed during the election campaign, is not merely distortion, but rather the "silent treatment" of the opponent's viewpoint.

During the campaign, at a dockyard meeting, a worker angrily asked the Labour candidate why certain vital statements on housing had never been made known to him. The speaker offered to send the government White Paper that dealt with the problem to any listener who left his address with him.

"Keep your bloody White Paper!" the docker shouted. "What's the bloody press for if it doesn't tell us what's going on?"

A few days later Herbert Morrison was asked why the Government had taken no steps to curb unfair reporting practices. Morrison rightly rejected all thought of censorship or regulation; but his answer—that it was up to the people to exert pressure by buying only the "decent papers"—was far from the solution. He was merely putting in a plug for the Labour press, but the violation of the code of informative responsible journalism is almost equally flagrant on all sides.

Decline of the British press has brought in its wake a new type of apathetic isolationism toward all but day-to-day bread-and-butter problems. It is an isolationism born not so much of smugness and egotism as of the sheer scarcity of outside information and background news about the rest of the world.

Foreign coverage in the populars is both irresponsible and threadbare. During the American coal strike, an event of great potential influence on

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British economic life, the popular dailies carried hardly any mention of the facts and no explanation of the background. The American "diary" of one mass-circulation journal seemed exclusively concerned with the progress of Texas oil barons and gangsters. A report on an inflamed appendix in Hollywood often masquerades as American coverage. Most of the mass-circulation news of the New World is confined to the capers of the rich, the criminal, and the eccentric.

Near as it is, the Continent is not much more solidly covered. It is safe to say that the American tabloid reader knows more about the dispute over King Leopold of the Belgians than the reader of the British populars. One of the few times Germany has received prominent mention lately was when three British officers were manhandled (by a British-Zone mob.)

In 1948, Parliament was debating the abolition of capital punishment and flogging. The majority of the popular press throughout that debate gave in to the lowest instincts and the wildest sensationalism. The end of death by hanging and the suspension of the whip were portrayed as equivalent to an unchecked reign of crime and terror. The country, one gathered, was about to be handed over wantonly to thieves and murderers, and the reader's wife, sister, and daughter were from now on at the mercy of cutthroats, bandits, and rapists.

On days of crime shortage, old and stale cases were dragged from the archives at the drop of a phony clue, and cold corpses were warmed up for renewed exploitation. Editorial and news columns merged completely in the unfortunate image of the continental press.

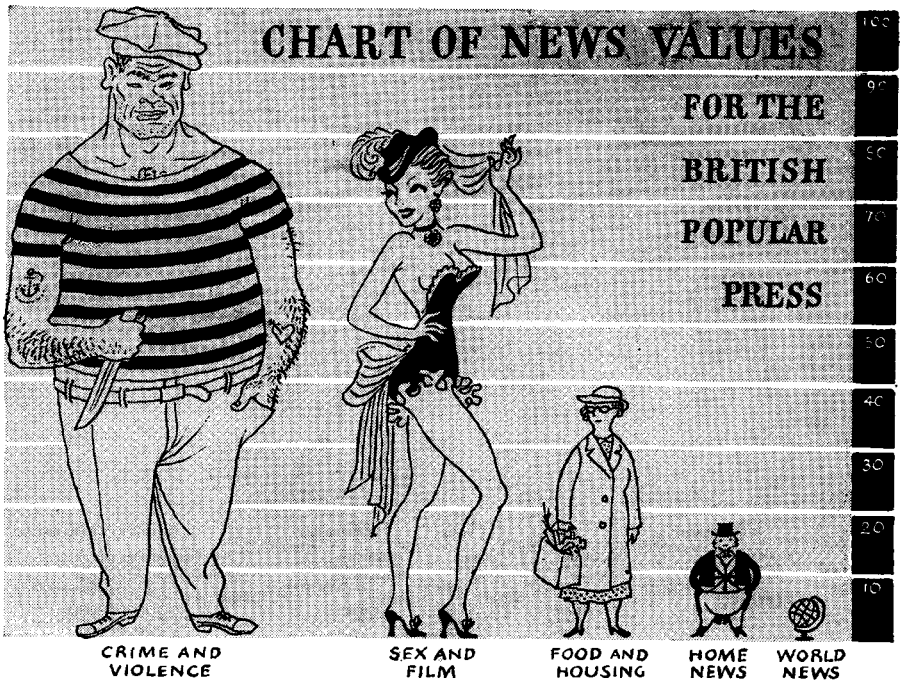
The bloodthirsty campaign died down soon after Parliament, apparently more mindful of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Times,* passed the humanizing laws. But a repetition of this blood-and-thunder reporting got under way again this year, when flogging was once more taken up in Parliament. GUNMEN RAID TWO LONDON SHOPS was a recent banner in the *Evening News.* The thieves, who were highly amateurish, had managed to get away with an amount slightly less than nine dollars.

Significantly, the British press has recently treated itself to a demonstration of its own power in the service of real public information. When Seretse Khama, the African tribal chief who married a London typist, was subjected to blundering British government sanctions and virtual exile from his tribe, the press was almost unanimous in its condemnation of Whitehall. Granted that the newspapers' indignation was not entirely based on regard for human rights (the motives included automatic anti-Government reaction, pure human interest, a simmering resentment against appeasing the South African racist régime, and probably even the memory of a British king who had also sacrificed his throne for "the woman I love"), the result was a thorough presentation of the background of the entire issue. Unfortunately the press performance in this isolated instance was only a freak flickering of a return to covering the news.

Acceptance of the party press appears to have gone far. Winston Churchill, in one of his campaign speeches, ridiculed the *Manchester Guardian* for its determination to remain outside the din of partisanship, and in the Commons he spoke unkindly even of the *Times.* An alarmist may conclude that the British may soon march down some extremist road, following the banners of one section of the partisan press or another.

Nothing so drastic is likely to happen; the influence of the few good papers on the leadership group is still strong, and the almost fanatical objectivity of the British Broadcasting Corporation is a powerful brake. What is likely to take place, however, is an increasing tendency among the masses to vote and act on short- rather than long-range considerations. In the absence of information on the great issues, the impact of the pay check, housing, and tomorrow's meal will loom larger and larger, and the public will increasingly disregard the press around election time and relegate it more and more to its self-appointed role of amusing or annoying entertainment. Despite the dangerous tendency toward a press-supported deepening of the prejudiced conflicts and class differences, the ultimate effect of the vast abuse of the power of the press may turn out to be the loss of all power by the press.

That, too, would be tragic. Aneurin Bevan recently appealed to the press to establish its own "codes of conduct." He thought that "the enemies of the newspapers are the newspapers themselves." But as long as papers are profitable, publishers are not likely to follow his suggestion. The change may not come until the public turns for less shabby entertainment elsewhere and returns to the press with a more literate taste for real information and news. —FRED M. HECHINGER



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Books

The Guntherization of F. D. R.

ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT. A Profile in History. *By John Gunther. Harper & Brothers. 410 pages. $3.75.*

There is no question that the best commercial proposition in the whole field of nonfiction literature is a book about Roosevelt. For four years one or more Roosevelt books have been at or near the top of the best-seller list. Were I a publisher of the baser, money-grubbing sort, I would automatically accept and publish all manuscripts with the name of the late President in the title, if necessary without reading them, and there are indications that the time may not be far distant when that will, in fact, be common publishing practice.

This sensitive response of supply to demand suggests that we should have some way of classifying or cataloguing the Roosevelt literature. The critic is deeply in need of some shorthand notation by which to characterize the new contributions, such as the present one by Mr. Gunther, and some way of ascertaining, quickly, how they supplement or improve upon their now-ample competition. As a modest contribution in this general direction I would suggest the following four classes into which, I believe, all the books that have appeared can be fitted. They are:

1. The "I-knew-him" books. This is by far the most numerous category, and it includes some of the most distinguished books that have so far appeared. Apart from Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiographies, which are properly a subcategory in themselves, it includes Frances Perkins's fine and perceptive study of her great friend, *The Roosevelt I Knew,* and the lesser volumes of Elliott Roosevelt, Grace Tully, Edward Stettinius, Admiral William Leahy, and many others. All of them have this in common—that the author claims his audience on the basis of some special association with F.D.R.

John Gunther

2. The "Roosevelt-was-a-monster" books. This category may be nearly complete. It was filled by men who were inspired by a great, and somehow very intimate, hatred of Roosevelt. The inspiration to this hatred was probably not, as commonly supposed, their ideological opposition. It is interesting that many of the more violent authors were early supporters of Roosevelt; some were so close to the President that they overlap the "I-knew-him" category. It is much more likely that envy has inspired most of the books. Here were men—John T. Flynn, James Farley, and even (though less clearly) Charles Beard himself—who had sought for their views the same sort of recognition and public following that Roosevelt enjoyed. They wanted it badly, and the public had mostly ignored them. It was easy to develop a deep grievance against a man who got so easily what the aggrieved ones got scarcely at all. It will always be a considerable problem in the psychology of grievance how this hatred continued to sustain literary output for so long after Roosevelt was safely out of reach of the attack. But there are signs that the wellsprings of invention which nurtured these books are drying up.

3. The careful histories. These are the books that take full and detailed advantage of documents and personal confidences as they come into the public domain, as well as of historical perspective, whatever that may be. These books are just beginning to appear. Although it depends partly on its author's acquaintance with Roosevelt, Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* was clearly a distinguished pioneer in this class.

4. The potboilers. These, by a process of exclusion, are the books that remain. Obviously they depend neither on personal association nor on detailed historical investigation. And they are not inspired by a burning zeal to penetrate the grave—or deny, to the historical record, the audience that was so envied in life.

Once these classifications have been set up, certain standards for critical evaluation become evident for at least three of the four categories. The quality of the "I-knew-him" books depends first of all on the importance of the individual's associations with Roosevelt and, secondly, on the author's memory. If the relationship was close and significant, and the author's memory is acute—as in the case of Frances Perkins, Grace Tully, and, of course, Mrs. Roosevelt—then the book is good. If the relationship was confined to one dinner at the White House, as in the limiting case of Louis Adamic, then it is likely to be a trifle thin.

By their special clientele, the "Roosevelt-was-a-monster" books are measured by the depth of the inspiring hatred and the ingenuity of the author in inventing his evidence. As to the standards for judging the careful history, they are those by which any history is judged—the diligence of the

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author in unearthing his facts, his skill in marshaling them, and his perceptiveness in their interpretation.

Unfortunately there seem to be no clear standards for measuring the potboilers, and it is even more unfortunate that the book that inspires this essay belongs, quite unmistakably, in that category. Mr. Gunther had no personal association with Mr. Roosevelt; he saw him only three or four times—not enough either for a memoir or a character study. Of his visit to the Hyde Park Library, the repository of the Roosevelt papers and the place in which any serious historian would have to seclude himself, Mr. Gunther reports: "I went into the library. I was appalled. I was stupefied. Here are 16,000 books, 34,000 pamphlets. . . ." This is hardly the reaction of the serious historian; confirming the point, Gunther seems to have confined himself to making a few notes.

As a stream cannot rise above its sources, so it is difficult for an author who relies exclusively on what others have written or said to get much above *his* sources. Mr. Gunther doesn't. Trifles apart (and some of these are admittedly interesting), he tells few things about Mr. Roosevelt's life and times that the reader of Mrs. Roosevelt, Frances Perkins, and Robert Sherwood would not already know.

The author of the potboiler might still redeem himself by fine writing or fine interpretation. One can find no fault with Mr. Gunther's writing; it is lucid and vital, and it has fine concreteness. But it is certainly not distinguished. In his struggle for emphasis (as in reporting his reaction to the library above), or where he says of the fourth inaugural that "The absence of pomp was utter," he is often absurd.

As to interpretation, it can hardly be argued that this is Mr. Gunther's strong point. He made his reputation by telling everything, or at least a lot of things, about Texas, Venezuela, and Austria, but not in explaining these places. He tells a great deal about Roosevelt, but in spite of much explaining he does not explain him. Although I am prepared to believe that Mr. Gunther has better qualifications for the effort, some of his interpretation smacks of the station-wagon psychiatry which I have come to associate with friends who have recently been on the couch: "Roosevelt had an Oedipus complex as big as a house"; ". . . the boy never knew his father except as an old man. . . . Some psychologists have suggested that this may have been an influence on F.D.R. in such affairs as the struggle to pack the Supreme Court"; ". . . his physical disability was displaced into an absorption with economic disability in others"; "So far as I know none of his dreams has ever been recorded. It would be valuable to have them."

Because Mr. Gunther is a reporter and a reasonably careful one, he is able to say in the foreword that to the best of his knowledge "there is no word in this book that is not true" and still be fairly certain that no one will embarrass him with a catalogue of factual errors (there are some, but I think not many). Yet errors of interpretation can make a man just as wrong as errors of fact. To cite a very simple and not very important example, he illustrates Mr. Roosevelt's alleged love of secrecy and surprise by noting that Leon Henderson was not advised that he was to be head of OPA until he heard it announced on the radio. This I believe to be literally true. But the incident appears in a different light when it is known, as it would not be known from Gunther, that Henderson was at the time head of an agency, set up under an executive order, called the Office of Price Administration (successor to OPACS) that he had just completed the task of shepherding price legislation through Congress, and that his appointment to the new statutory agency was a foregone conclusion.

Or, to cite a more important example, Gunther "shudders" (as did many critics of Roosevelt when Henry Morgenthau first related the incident) because F.D.R. hit upon a twenty-one-cent increase in the price of gold for one day in 1933 by concluding that three times seven was a lucky number. A full

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interpretation would bring out the fact that all of the resources of economics and statistics could not provide a better basis for judgment. An adequately humorless man might have found some statistical mumbo-jumbo to govern the changes in the buying prices of gold then being made, and he *might* have been convinced that he was acting scientifically. Roosevelt recognized a blind guess when he saw one.

Again, illustrating F.D.R.'s receptivity to ideas, bad as well as good, Gunther tells how the President was once attracted to the idea of issuing non-interest-bearing bonds to finance public works, and he quotes approvingly the way Laurence Steinhardt, by invoking Gresham's law, managed to talk him out of it. Whatever the merits of the bond scheme, the arguments used by Steinhardt against it were certainly fatuous. The point is important, for, whether from innocence or sound instinct—and one must assume the latter—Roosevelt was clearly contemptuous of the iron fetters of doctrine which, in the early 1930's, were assumed to circumscribe most economic action. In showing that these fetters could be broken with impunity and often with great advantage, he did more to liberate the subject matter of economics from its self-imposed taboos than anything that has happened in this century.

All this is very hard on Mr. Gunther, and possibly too hard on him. For there is still another standard by which the potboiler can be measured. By usual definition a potboiler is a book that is written to reward the author quickly. That this book will be rewarding to Mr. Gunther there cannot be the slightest doubt. And, in spite of all its shortcomings, it will also be rewarding to those who read it. For the plain fact is that most people do not read about Roosevelt to learn something new; they read about Roosevelt to be reminded once more of an old friend, and to relive days of hope, excitement, and, above all, of participation. They are crowding the revival of a well-remembered movie, or listening to records of music to which they once danced. For this nostalgic audience Mr. Gunther, with his trivialities and his twice-told history and, of course, his warm affection for his subject, is nearly ideal.

—J. K. Galbraith

To Man's Measure . . .

The Persistent Pole

We stood on the observation platform on the top of the Empire State Building, and someone said: "No one has jumped since they put up the new high netting."

The Polish painter said: "Murder is more interesting than suicide. When you have a murder, there is the murderer and the murdered, the photograph of the young man between the detectives immediately after he has shot his father. When there is no corpse, murder is just somebody's disappearance. On the other hand, I know a case of murder with five thousand corpses, and I cannot get anyone interested in it. It is largely a question of timing."

"You are a painter," somebody said. *"Why is it that no one paints New York and everybody paints Paris?"*

"It is true," the Pole said, "that they died at the wrong time; they were prisoners of war, you must remember, they did not have any choice. They died in a dark time when they could not decide anything for themselves. They were just prisoners with their country defeated, doubly occupied, with, so to speak, no country left at all, with no government to claim them, or bargain about them, with only a sort of informal committee in London, a 'government in exile.' Governments in exile can never argue effectively about anything. They died at a time when no one but the Russians could decide whether they were to live or to die. The Russians decided they must die. The Russians shot the five thousand Polish officers in the back of the neck—I am a foreigner here, do I have to say 'allegedly?'—and piled them into the mass graves at Katyn."

"That was a long time ago," somebody said. *"Your country's history is a very ancient history. My father greatly admired Mickiewicz and Paderewski—also Pulaski. There is a parade on Fifth Avenue on Pulaski Day. What happens is that you are on Madison Avenue and you see the Fifth Avenue busses on Madison Avenue, so you ask why, and somebody tells you it is the Polish parade—or sometimes it is the Irish parade. I have seen the Polish parade. There are a lot of priests in it, and men dressed up in cutaways and top hats, but what I like best are the children in Polish costume."*

"Those five thousand Polish officers," the Pole said, "were prisoners of the Russians because when Hitler defeated the Polish Army, the Russians hurried into Poland to partition it again—out of an old habit—and placed two hundred and fifty thousand Poles in concentration camps so as to make sure they would not break any rules of warfare. Three of these camps specialized in Polish officers. In the camps of Starobielsk, Kozielsk, and Ostashkov some fifteen thousand officers were interned. Out of these fifteen thousand, ten thousand disappeared entirely: In 1943 most of the remaining five thousand were found—in the graves of Katyn."

"There is Stan Musial of the Cardinals," somebody said. *"When wrestling was still a sport, there was Stanislaus Zbyszko; a lot of Irish at Notre Dame have Polish names."*

"The trouble is that it was the Germans who found them, Goebbels who pronounced their funeral oration. The German murderers set up a commission which reported that Russian murderers had murdered the Katyn Poles; there was a lot of detective business about the dates of newspapers and letters in the pockets of the dead which established that they died before the Germans reached Katyn. In 1943 it was too soon, too inconvenient, to believe in Russian guilt; in 1950, it is too easy, too convenient—and too late."

The Polish painter watched the *Queen Elizabeth* coming up the bay. Somebody said: *"Did you know that first-generation Poles in America average an inch taller than their parents?"*

"After a hundred and fifty years of partition," the Pole said, "from 1918 to 1939 we were free."

—Gouverneur Paulding

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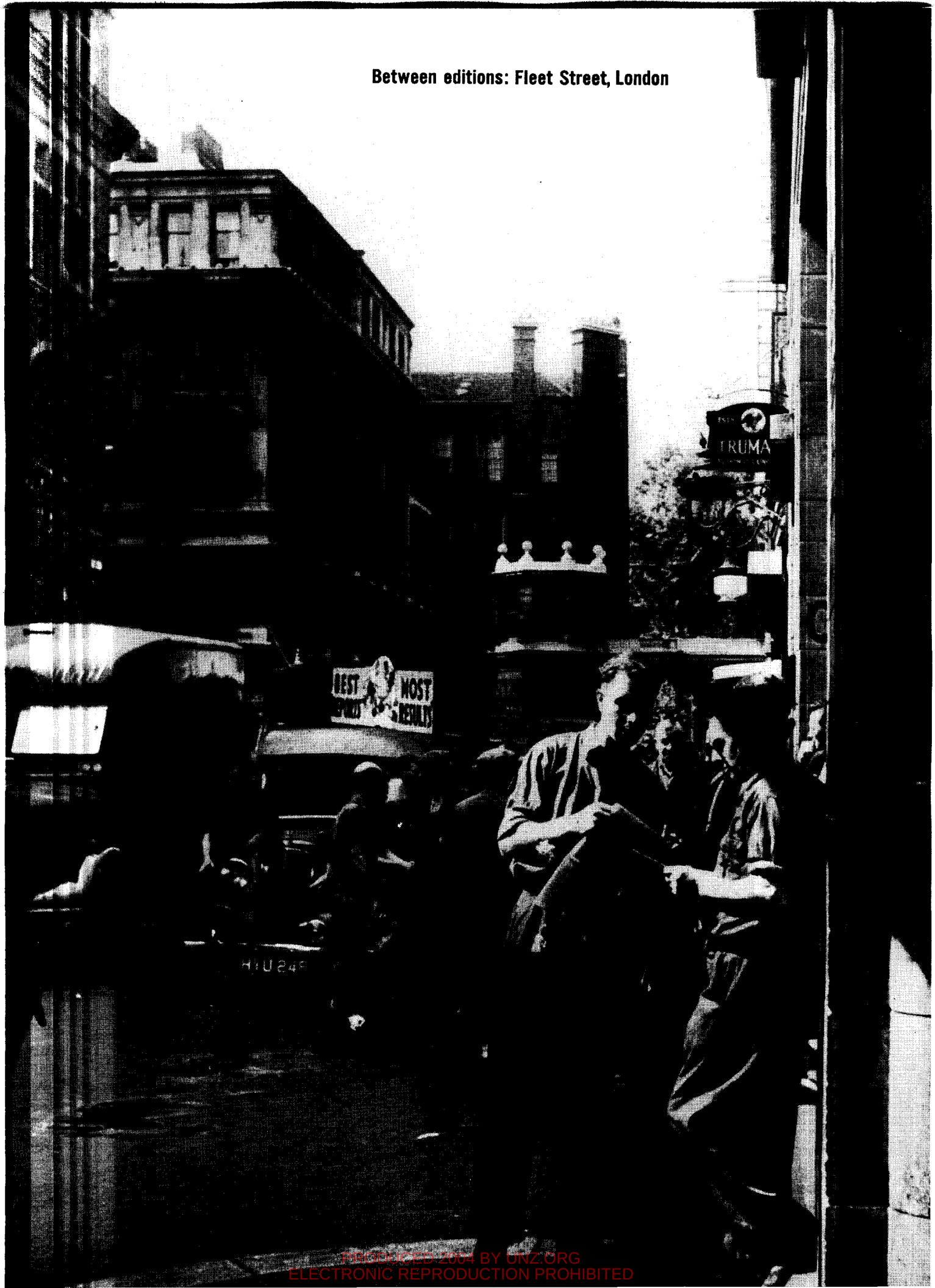

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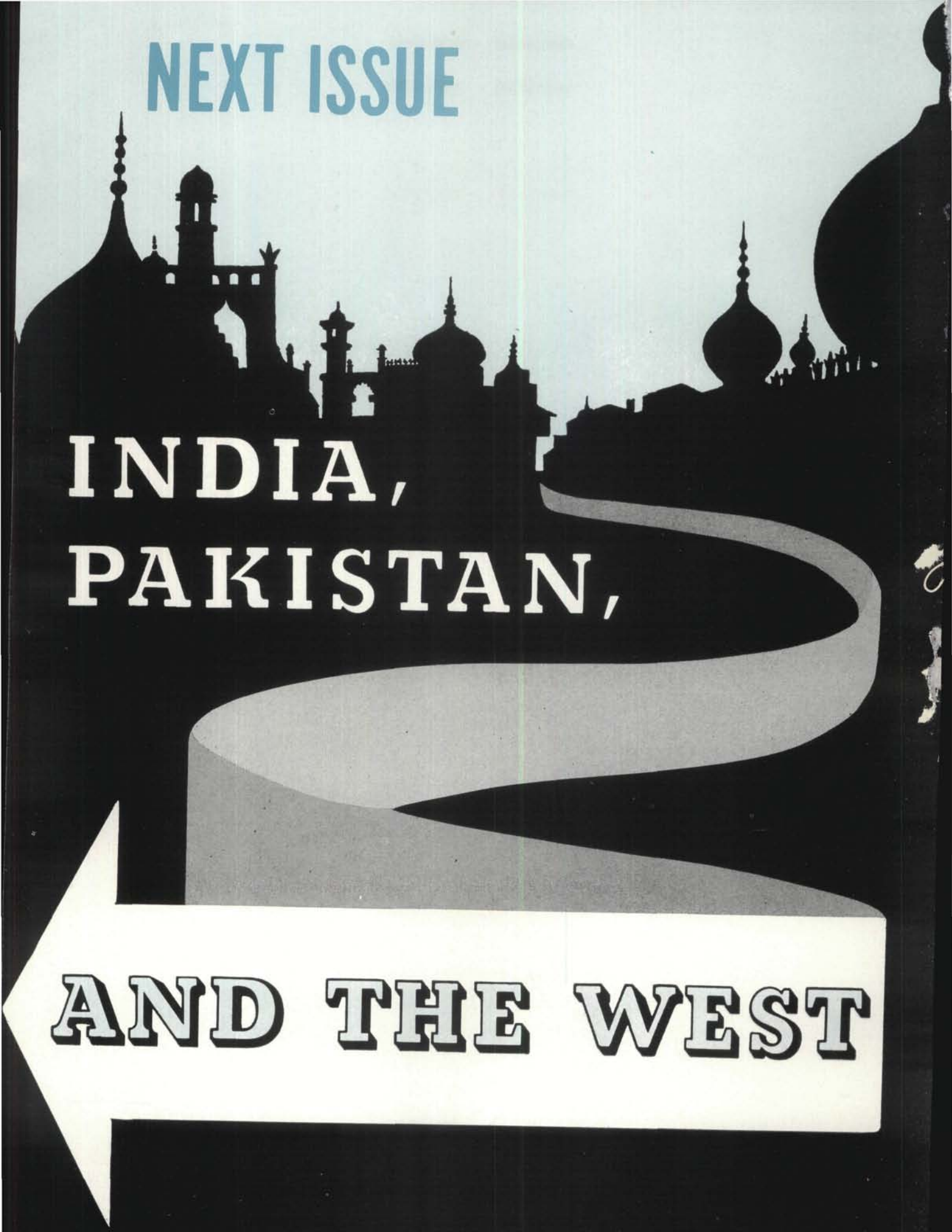

INDIA, PAKISTAN, AND THE WEST

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